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THE CONSTELLATION.

LOOSE SHEETS,
Picked up by a Stroller.
NO. II.

CONFESSIONS.

Oh memory is a treacherous thing,
See how mine has misdeared:—
They tell me she whom once I loved,
Is to another married.
It may be so—I have forgot
If ever yet I knew her;
I hope she'll find her present love,
A taller and a truer.

They tell me that another girl,
Who plighted vows with me,
All for the love of some one else,
Has crossed the briny sea.
'Tis like enough—for all the maids
I ever yet have met,
Have quite as good a knack as me,
At learning to forget.

The saucy rogue who smiled on me,
Some fourteen months ago,
Has found a handsome gentleman
To dry her tears of woe.
The ruby lips of Mary Jane,
That once I loved the best,
Forgetting what they told me then,
Are by another pressed.

I've forgotten if I told sweet Sue
I'd come again, or not,
And even she, by this time too,
I think must have forgot:
She said my brow was whiter far,
Than any one she knew—
I answered, heaven was in her eye,
So beautifully blue!

My present love's the only one
I care a fig about;
I love her best, because she makes
My safety chains so stout;
She's in the country now, it's true,
But she'll be back ere long,
So while she's gone, I'll kill an hour,
By writing her a song.

SONG.

My true love—my true love—
Thou'rt far away from me,
And thy memory is the only one
From which I would not flee.
'Twas midnight when I left thee,
When all was hushed to sleep,
And only we were left alone,
To see each other weep.

My true love—my true love—
My song is ever thus,
Though many a long and weary day
Have separated us.
Though absent far, thou'rt with me,
To cheer me and to bless:—
But words are weak—though wove in song,
Love's language to express.

My true love—my true love—
My heart beats faster still,
And I look upon thy features
Until my eyelids fill:
Thy picture is before me,
Wreathed in thy wonted smile,
'Tis what a precious thing it is,
My sadness to beguile.

My true love—my true love—
My soul's away to thee;
Thy winds have swifter wings than birds,
And they its bearers be.
My sighs are all for thee, love,
My fondest thoughts are thine,
Oh tell the carrier winds to bear
One sigh to answer mine!

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XXII.

MRS. DONSON.—This lady, better known as the biographer of Petrarch, was like many other literary females of the old school, a little inattentive to the article of dress, by which she obtained the soubriquet of "the learned pig." She was a constant attendant at the theatres, where her squalid habiliments, consisting of a Bath-coating Joseph, an old weather-beaten bonnet, and linen not rivaling the snow in whiteness, drew on her the attention of the surrounding spectators; she was extremely loud and garrulous, and uttered her opinion of a new piece or actor with a degree of dictatorial consequence; and if any particular attention was paid to her by the persons who sat next to her, the utmost exertions were used with the box-keepers to discover their names and address, and their politeness was generally rewarded by a tributary gift of a barrel of oysters.

GENERAL PEIFFER.—He resided at Lucerne, and so enamoured was he of Swiss scenery, that for five and twenty years, he made annual visits to the Alps, in order to obtain correct elevations, and a local knowledge of all the most remarkable places in that romantic country. Upon his return from these excursions, he arranged his materials with such accuracy, that he was at length enabled to form a complete topographical representation of all Switzerland in mastic. This model contained a perfect picture of the vegetable productions, and of the different strata; with the relative situations and proportional elevations of every mountain, town, village, and lake in that enchanting country.—Bucke's "Philosophy of Nature."

REPUBLICS FAVORABLE TO ARCHITECTURE.—Greece was republican in its Government and divided into equal states. Palmyra was a republic, and there the Roman style was found in its greatest perfection. Florence was a republic when she became distinguished in Architecture. Greece built her marble palaces while a republic; and Venice was a republic while her fairest edifices arose.—Silliman's Journal.

REV. SIMON BROWN.—He labored under a singular hypochondriacal affection, that he had been deprived of his soul; yet while under this severe mental affliction, he compiled a dictionary. A friend remarked "that there could not be a stronger evidence of his possessing a soul." Brown replied "that the compilation of a dictionary did not require a reasonable soul." He wrote a variety of theological pieces when under this infatuation, distinguished for sound reasoning; and in a dedication to Queen Caroline, he in a forcible and feeling manner paints his deprivation of a soul; this is to be found in the eighty-eighth number of the Adventurer.

FUSSELL.—One of Fuselli's arguments in favor of a future life was, that life was so short that few men had time to perform a quarter of what they were capable of doing; and that, as nothing was created in vain, therefore, those powers were to be exerted in some other state of existence. I have heard him exclaim, 'I have done nothing! I am capable of doing ten times more than I have time for doing.' By way of urging him on, I said that was no proof of future life. 'It is enough for me,' said he; 'I know that I am immortal, and shall live again! Looking at me and laughing, 'I know nothing about you; you may be a clod of earth for what I know, I am immortal!'

On parting with him one day, he said: 'Come here again as soon as you have time.' So I said: 'Well sir, I'll see you again very soon.' Accordingly the next day I gave him a call; and as soon as he saw me, he said, 'By —! but you seem to have a deal of spare time on your hands!'

DUC DE BIRON.—In 1795 he visited England, a finished representative of the French noblesse of the higher order. He was at that period known as the Duc de Lauzun, not having succeeded to the title of Biron. Of great elegance of manners, and of striking talents, but utterly prodigal and unprincipled, he was the chevalier whom Grammont would have delighted to draw, if his pencil could have touched the man of fashion with a shade of republicanism. He remained only a few months in England; but a Frenchman is a rapid pupil, and in those months he became the most matchless specimen of the Anglo-maniac that had ever captivated the glance of Paris.

Yet one step more was necessary to perfection. He retired to Passy, a village in the suburbs, and there commenced philosopher. For a while he was the wonder of the pre-eminent sons of science and freedom, who enjoyed his classic banquets, and exulted in the arrival of the golden age. But the republic

was now mounted on its car, and rushing with fiery wheels, over the frontiers of rival states, and the necks of potentates and armies. Biron became an avowed republican, was placed at the head of an army, fought and conquered; was suspected, was seized by the convention, and completed the course of a revolutionary general by dying on the scaffold.

He finished his career in the dramatic style of his country, *en heros*. Revolutionary justice suffered no stigma of the "law's delay"; and the ceremonial seldom consisted of more than the criminal's pronouncing his name, and the tribunal's ordering his execution. The scaffold followed the example of the tribunal, and the condemned were generally put to death within the next five minutes. In Biron's instance there was a delay of a whole hour; and he used it to exhibit the epicurean ease which distinguished the wits and sages of the era.

On returning to his dungeon, he ordered oysters and white wine. While he was indulging over this final meal, the executioner entered, to tell him that "the law could wait no longer." "I beg a thousand pardons, my friend," said the Duke, "but do me the honor to allow me to finish my oysters." The request was granted. "But I had forgot," observed Biron; "you will have something to do to-day, and a glass of wine will refresh you; permit me to fill one?" The offer was graciously accepted. "Again, I had forgot," added the duke; "there is our mutual friend the turnkey." The turnkey was called in; three glasses were filled; the three were drunk off—a *la sante*—and in a few minutes after, the head of this gay libertine, traitor, and philosopher, was rolling on the scaffold.—Croker's "Life and Times of George IV."

AFFECTION.—If there be any thing thoroughly lovely in the human heart, it is affection! All that makes hope elevated, or fear generous, belongs to the capacity of loving. For my own part, I do not wonder, in looking over the thousand creeds and sects of men, that so many moralists have traced their theology, that so many moralists have traced their system from love. The errors thus originated have something in them that charms us even while we smile at the theology, or while we neglect the system. What a beautiful fabric would be human nature—what a divine guide would be human reason—if love were indeed the stratum of the one, and the inspiration of the other! What a world of reasonings, not immediately obvious, did the sage of old open to our inquiry, when he said the pathetic was the truest part of the sublime. Aristides, the painter, created a picture in which an infant is represented sucking a mother wounded to death, who, even in that agony, strives to prevent the child injuring itself by imbibing the blood mingled with the milk. How many emotions, that might have made us permanently wiser and better, have we lost in losing that picture!—Eugene Aram.

PERSONAL BEAUTY OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS.—In the representations of the ancient Greeks, we find the skull most rounded, the forehead most square, the brow most sharp, the nose most removed both from the aquiline and snubbed extremes, the lips most wavy, most curling up, most neatly hemmed, most luxuriantly pressing on each other; the chin most convex, the outline of the face most oval, most distant alike from uniform width, and from unvaried elongation; the throat most developed in its forms, and disengaged in its movements; the chest most ample, elevated, and roiny; the waist of the slenderest span, the extremest most taper of any race. We find the skin represented as having its transparent white, at its surface, most marked by the purple meandering vein, at its extremities most blending with the rich crimson of the blood; the lips tinted with the richest coral hue; the long silken hair most neatly implanted, and most distinctly defined by its auburn or jetty hue; under eye-brows most arched, most confluent, and most carefully penciled, and eyelashes casting underneath the softest and most vaporous shade, we find the eyes most full, most resplendent with a lambent fire. We find a countenance most lofty, radiant, and animated—a gait most elastic and firm—movements most easy, varied, and replete both with vigor and grace; and when, from the contemplation of the qualities that strike the sense, we pass to those only cognizable by the mind, we find symptoms of that mental aptitude to every pursuit of art and science, the most varied and most opposite, which by its transcendancy justified over other nations called barbarians, the pre-eminence universally allowed to the Greeks. Still do even the Greeks themselves seem not entirely to have filled the full measure of perfection which, under the most favorable circumstances,

appears by nature to have been allotted to the organization of man. Every nation of antiquity, even unto the Greeks themselves, preserved some records of a nation still more polished than itself, which once flourished on the earth, but was subsequently again, in one of those great revolutions which marked the infancy of the globe, swept away from the surface.—Hope on Jan. 9. 31.

EXTINCTION OF THE BRITISH LANGUAGE.—The Britons were so unmixt with their conquerors, that they kept their ancient speech until the reign of Henry VIII. when it gradually became obsolete. In the reign of Queen Anne, it was known only in a few villages near the Land's End. The children, as they grew up, learnt English; and, as the old Cornish folks died off, the language gradually expired with them; so that towards the middle of the reign of King George III., one Dolly Pentreath, an old fish wife, who resided about three miles from Mousehole, near Penzance, was the only surviving individual in the world who conversed in the tongue of the ancient Damnonian Britons; which tongue, however, she put to a very bad use, since she principally employed it in swearing and grumbling when she could not get a good price for her fish, or in scolding when she was offended. At this present time, the names of fields and towns, hills and rivers, in Cornwall, are the only memorials of the British language, whose extinction cannot be contemplated without sentiments approaching to regret. The most useful political virtues arise from an honest feeling of nationality; and no badge of nationality is more innocent and efficient than the cherished possession of an ancient, and at the same time, peculiar language.—Sir J. Macintosh's History of England.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.—The day being very fine, I took a stroll into the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, with my friend, and going up to the cage that contains two ravens, my friend threw in two pieces of bun, when one of the dark-feathered inhabitants immediately jumped from his perch, and before his comrade could reach either of them, he had both secure in his beak, and regained his former position on the perch, holding them until he saw his comrade at the farther end of the cage. He then flew down, buried one of the pieces, and covered it with gravel, and jumping up to his perch with the other piece, devoured it. He then jumped down for the second morsel, and regaining his perch a second time, consumed that, much to the annoyance of his companion. This very artful and cunning device served to amuse a circle that had by that time collected round the cage, and proved, I should say, something more than we understand by common animal instinct.—(From a Correspondent)—Lit. Gaz.

JERUSALEM REFORMED.—And by a Turk! In the month of February, Ibrahim Pasha, the governor of Druida, addressed the following firman to the Molah, the Sheikh, and the other magistrates of Jerusalem:—"Jerusalem contains temples and monuments which Christians and Jews come from the most distant countries to visit. But these numerous pilgrims have to complain of the enormous duties levied upon them on the road. Being desirous of putting an end to so crying an abuse, we order all the Mussulmans of the pashliks of the Saide, and of the districts of Jerusalem, Tripoli, &c., to suppress all duties or imposts of that nature, on all the roads, and at all the stations, without exception. We also order, that the priests who live in the buildings belonging to the churches in which the Gospel is read, and who officiate according to the ceremonies of their religion, be no longer compelled to pay the arbitrary contributions which have been hitherto imposed upon them."—ib.

THE NEW ISLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The volcanic island which lately appeared off the coast of Sicily was composed chiefly of loose scoria, from which Mr. Prevost collected a few marine shells and flints; but he is of opinion that the projection of the apparent island was merely the ejections of a crater existing below the level of the sea, and that there was no actual elevation of strata from the bottom of the ocean. He, at the period he visited it, predicted that it would soon be washed away by the action of the waves, and his prediction has already been fulfilled. No vestiges of the island now remain, but steam and smoke for some time continued to be spouted up from the crater, below the level of the sea's surface. From the report of Lieut. Kennedy, who examined the spot on the 5th of February last, the island had totally disappeared, leaving a shoal with from 2 1-2 to 3 feet water over it.—Eng. pap.

A Glasgow paper mentions American Cheese being brought into that market. They are described as of the size of millstones, but of excellent flavour, and commanding good prices.

MISCELLANY.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S NEW WORK.
From the N.Y. Weekly Record.

The *Tales of the Alhambra*, the last production of our gifted fellow citizen is just published. Before our readers get access to it, they may be gratified to read a notice of it by an English critic, and to see an agreeable sample of the work.

What Columbus was to the American continent, Washington Irving has been to American literature,—the first who discovered its shores of beauty and fertility, the first to enter thereon and take possession. Others have followed in his steps, and have discovered their gold and silver mines; but still, it was Washington Irving who broke the egg and who found the bird. England owes him a deep debt of gratitude, and so does America; something, too, beyond the ordinary claim of authorship. He was the first to awaken that kindly feeling, which surely seems the only natural one to subsist between people speaking one common language, and sprung from one common stock. It is now some twelve or fourteen years since his writings were first brought before the British public, and in this very paper. The *Literary Gazette* was the earliest to see and to do justice to the sketches of Geoffrey Hamlyn, some half dozen of which were made known to England in our columns. Their after popularity, well justified our choice. It is the individual who makes the name; and to do justice we must remember what he found Transatlantic literature, and compare that with its present position. Ten years ago, we should have asked, "Can any good thing come out of Galilee?" Now we look to American literature, and feel that it only wants time to take its stand by our own. One circumstance, too, we cannot but especially mention,—the liberal and enlightened tone Washington Irving has always taken in speaking of the two countries. Never have his pages been defiled by misrepresentation, cultivating a miserable jealousy, and still more miserable vanity; but he has ever written in that honorable spirit of appreciation and equality, which is the only one befitting two great nations. What have we to do with the quarrels of our grandmothers or grandfathers? The young eagle grew too great for the parent nest; but is that any reason why they should keep quarrelling on in the air to all eternity? No; it is the part of both to cultivate a good understanding, to do each other justice, and own the great claims they have on other's forbearance and admiration. Look at the enterprise, the talent, the industry, England has shown in literature, in Philosophy and in commerce—no one can deny the glory of her past. Look at the enterprise, the talent, and the industry, now displaying in America—no one can deny the glory of her present. A mutual and generous appreciation is the golden bridge over which the opinions of the two nations ought to pass; and it is this spirit that Washington Irving has ever most powerfully cultivated. There never was a writer whose popularity was more matter of feeling, or more intimate than the one whose pages are now before us; perhaps because he appealed at once to our simplest and kindest emotions. His affections were those of "hearth and home;" the pictures he delighted to draw were those of natural loveliness, linked with human sympathies; and—a too unusual thing with the writers of our time—he looked upon God's works, and "saw that they were good." The pathos of his serious is as irresistible as the comic of his lighter ones. If the definition be true, that the distinction between wit and humor is, that humor is closely allied to pathos, humor is the characteristic of our author; and if to this we add, that wit smacks of bitterness, which humor does not, we shall still more clearly describe the style of the author of the *Sketch-Book*. With him, the wine of life is not always on the lees. An exquisite vein of poetry runs through every page,—and of poetry, his epithets who does not remember—"the shark glancing like a spectre through the blue seas?" But our task is not one of retrospective criticism, and we must turn to the pages before us.

Mr. Irving has fairly trusted himself "to the golden shores of old romance," and yielded to all their influences. He has carried us into a world of marble fountains, moonlight, arabesques, and perfumes. We do not know whether reform and retrenchment have left any imagination in the world; but this we know, that if there be any fantasies "yet slumbering deep within the soul," the *Tales of the Alhambra* must awaken them. Without further preamble, we place before our readers the following playfully told legend. In spite, however, of the judicious recommendation of the giant, "*Delir mon an, commencez au commencement*," we must begin in the middle; only promising, that the three beautiful princesses have been brought up in most salutary seclusion, and with a most discreet duenna, who, nevertheless, begins to think that fifteen is an age which has its perils.—*Lit. Gazette.*

THE THREE PRINCESSES.

"Mohamed the Left-handed was seated one morning on a divan in one of the cool halls of the Alhambra, when a slave arrived from the fortress of Salabrina, with a message from the sage Cadiga, congratulating him on the anniversary of his daughter's birth-day. The slave at the same time presented a delicate little basket decorated with flowers, within which, on a couch of vine and fig-leaves, lay a peach, an apricot, and a nectarine, with their bloom and down and dewy sweetness upon them, and all in the early stage

of tempting ripeness. The monarch was versed in the Oriental language of fruits and flowers, and readily divined the meaning of this emblematic offering. 'So,' said he, 'the critical period pointed out by the astrologers is arrived; my daughters are at a marriageable age. What is to be done? They are shut up from the eyes of men; they are under the eyes of the discreet Cadiga—all very good—but still they are not under my own eye, as was prescribed by the astrologers; I must gather them under my wing, and trust to no other guardianship.' So saying, he ordered that a tower of the Alhambra should be prepared for their reception, and departed at the head of his guards for the fortress of Salabrina, to conduct them home in person. About three years had elapsed since Mohamed had beheld his daughters; and he could scarcely credit his eyes at the wonderful change which that small space of time had made in their appearance. During the interval they had passed that wondrous boundary line in female life which separates the crude, unimaged, and thoughtless girl from the blooming, blushing, meditative woman. It is like passing from the flat, bleak, uninteresting plains of La Mancha, to the voluptuous valleys and swelling hills of Andalusia. Zoraida was tall and finely formed, with a lofty demeanor and a penetrating eye. She entered with a stately and decided step, and made a profound reverence to Mohamed, treating him more as her sovereign than her father. Zoraida was of the middle height, with an alluring look and swimming gait, and a sparkling beauty, heightened by the assistance of the toilette. She approached her father with a smile, kissed his hand, and saluted him with several stanzas from a popular Arabian poet, with which the monarch was delighted. Zorahayda was shy and timid, smaller than her sisters, and with a beauty of that tender beseeching kind which looks for fondness and protection. She was little fitted to command, like her elder sister, or to dazzle like the second; but was rather formed to creep to the bosom of manly affection, to nestle within it, and be content. She drew near her father with a timid, and almost faltering step, and would have taken his hand to kiss, but on looking up into his face, and seeing a beaming with a paternal smile, the tenderness of her nature broke forth, and she threw herself upon his neck. Mohamed the Left-handed surveyed his blooming daughters with mingled pride and perplexity; for while he exulted in their charms, he bemoaned himself of the prediction of the astrologers. 'Three daughters! three daughters!' muttered he repeatedly to himself; 'and all of a marriageable age! Here's tempting Hesperian fruit, that requires a dragon watch!' He prepared for his return to Granada, by sending heralds before him, commanding every one to keep out of the road by which he was to pass, and that all doors and windows should be closed at the approach of the princesses. This done, he set forth, escorted by a troop of black horsemen, of hideous aspect, and clad in shining armour. The princesses rode beside the king, closely veiled, on beautiful white palfreys, with velvet caparisons, embroidered with gold, and sweeping the ground: the bits and stirrups were of gold, and the silken bridles adorned with pearls and precious stones. The palfreys were covered with little silver bells, that made the most musical tinkling as they and gently along. Wee to the unlucky wight however, who lingered in the way when he heard the tinkling of these bells—the guards were ordered to cut him down without mercy. The cavalcade was drawing near to Granada, when it overtook, on the banks of the river Xenil, a small body of Moorish soldiers with a convoy of prisoners. It was too late for the soldiers to get out of the way, so they threw themselves on their faces on the earth, ordering their captives to do the like. Among the prisoners were the three identical cavaliers whom the princesses had seen from the pavilion. They either did not understand, or were too haughty to obey the order, and remained standing and gazing upon the cavalcade as it approached. The ire of the monarch was kindled at this flagrant defiance of his orders. Drawing his cimeter, and pressing forward, he was about to deal a left-handed blow, that would have been fatal to, at least, one of the gazers, when the princesses crowded round him, and implored mercy for the prisoners; even the timid Zorahayda forgot her shyness, and became eloquent in their behalf. Mohamed paused, with uplifted cimeter, when the captain of the guard threw himself at his feet. 'Let not your majesty,' said he, 'do a deed that may cause great scandal throughout the kingdom. These are three brave and noble Spanish knights, who have been taken in battle fighting, like lions; they are of high birth, and may bring great ransoms. Enough!' said the king, 'I will spare their lives, but punish their audacity—let them be taken to the Vermilion Towers and put to hard labour. Mohamed was making one of his usual left-handed blunders. In the tumult and agitation of this blustering scene, the veils of the three princesses had been thrown back, and the radiance of their beauty revealed; and in prolonging the parody, the king had given that beauty time to have its full effect. In those days people fell in love much more suddenly than at present, as all ancient stories make manifest: it is not a matter of wonder, therefore, that the hearts of the three cavaliers were completely captured; especially as gratitude was added to their admiration; it is a little singular, however, though no less certain, that each of them was enraptured with a several beauty. As to the princesses, they were more than ever struck with the noble demeanor of the captives, and cherished in their breasts all that they had heard of their valor and noble lineage. The cavalcade resumed its march; the three princesses

rode pensively along on their tinkling palfreys, now and then stealing a glance behind in search of the Christian captives, and the latter were conducted to their allotted prison in the Vermilion Towers. The residence provided for the princesses was one of the most dainty that fancy could devise. It was in a tower somewhat apart from the main palace of the Alhambra, though connected with it by the main wall that encircled the whole summit of the hill. On one side it looked into the interior of the fortress, and had, at its foot, a small garden filled with the rarest flowers. On the other side it overlooked a deep embowered ravine that separated the grounds of the Alhambra from those of the Gencarife. The interior of the tower was divided into small fairy apartments, beautifully ornamented in the light Arabian style, surrounding a lofty hall, the vaulted roof of which rose almost to the summit of the tower. The walls and ceiling of the hall were adorned with arabesque and fret-work, sparkling with gold and with brilliant pencilling. In the centre of the marble pavement was an alabaster fountain, set round with aromatic shrubs and flowers, and throwing up a jet of water that cooled the whole edifice, and had a lulling sound. Round the hall were suspended cages of gold and silver wire, containing singing birds of the finest plumage or sweetest note. The princesses had been represented as always cheerful when in the castle of Salabrina; the king had expected to see them enraptured with the Alhambra. To his surprise, however, they began to pine, and grow melancholy, and dissatisfied with every thing around them. The flowers yielded them no fragrance, the song of the nightingale disturbed their night's rest, and they were out of all patience with the alabaster fountain with its eternal drop-drop and splash-splash, from morning till night, and from night till morning. The king, who was somewhat of a testy, tyrannical disposition, took this at first in high dudgeon; but he reflected that his daughters had arrived at an age when the female mind expands and its desires augment; 'they are no longer children,' said he to himself, 'they are women grown, and require suitable objects to interest them.' He put in requisition, therefore, all the dress-makers, and the jewellers, and the artificers in gold and silver throughout the zaratia of Granada, and the princesses were overwhelmed with robes of silk, and of tissue, and of brocade, and cashmere shawls, and necklaces of pearls and diamonds, and rings and bracelets, and anklets, and all manner of precious things. All, however, was of no avail; the princesses continued pale and languid in the midst of their finery, and looked like three blighted rose-buds drooping from one stalk. The king was at his wit's end. He had in general a laudable confidence in his own judgment, and never took advice. The whims and caprices of three marriageable damsels, however, are sufficient, said he, to puzzle the shrewdest head. So, for once in his life, he called in the aid of council. The person to whom he applied was the experienced duenna. 'Cadiga,' said the king, 'I know you to be one of the most discreet women in the whole world, as well as one of the most trustworthy; for these reasons I have always confided you about the persons of my daughters. Fathers cannot be too wary in whom they repose such confidence; I now wish you to find out the secret malady that is preying upon the princesses, and to devise some means of restoring them to health and cheerfulness.' Cadiga promised implicit obedience. In fact she knew more of the malady of the princesses than they did themselves. Shutting herself up with them, however, she endeavored to insinuate herself into their confidence. 'My dear children, what is the reason you are so dismal and downcast, in so beautiful a place, where you have every thing that heart can wish?' The princesses looked vacantly round the apartment and sighed. 'What more, then, would you have? Shall I get you the wonderful parrot that talks all languages and is the delight of Granada?' 'Odiou!' exclaimed the princess Zoraida. 'A horrid, screaming bird, that chatters words without ideas: one must be without brains to tolerate such a pest.' 'Shall I send for a monkey from the rock of Gibraltar, to divert you with his antics?' 'A monkey! laugh!' cried Zoraida; 'the detestable mimic of man. I hate the nauseous animal.' 'What say you to the famous black singer Casem, from the royal harem in Morocco. They say he has a voice as fine as a woman's.' 'I am terrified at the sight of these black slaves,' said the delicate Zorahayda; 'besides, I have lost all relish for music.' 'Ah! my child, you would not say so,' replied the old woman, slyly, 'had you heard the music I heard last evening, from the three Spanish cavaliers whom we met on our journey. But, bless me, children! what is the matter that you blush so, and are in such a fluster?' 'Nothing, nothing, good mother; pray proceed.' 'Well, as I was passing by the Vermilion Towers last evening, I saw the three cavaliers resting after their day's labour. One was playing on the guitar, so gracefully, and the others sung by turns; and they did it in such style, that the very guards seemed like statues, or men enchanted. Allah, forgive me; I could not help being moved at hearing the songs of my native country. And then to see three such noble and handsome youths in chains and slavery! Here the kind-hearted old woman could not restrain her tears. 'Perhaps, mother, you could manage to procure us a sight of these cavaliers,' said Zoraida. 'I think,' said Zorahayda, 'a little music would be quite refreshing.' The timid Zorahayda said nothing, but threw her arms round the neck of Cadiga. 'Mercy on me!' exclaimed the discreet old woman; 'what are you talking of, my children? Your father would be the death of us all if he heard of such a thing. To be sure, these cavaliers

are evidently well-bred, and high-minded youths; but what of that? they are the enemies of our faith, and you must not even think of them but with abhorrence.' There is an admirable intrepidity in the female will, particularly when about the marriageable age, which is not to be deterred by dangers and prohibitions. The princesses hung round their old duenna, and coaxed, and entreated, and declared that a refusal would break their hearts. What could she do? She was certainly the most discreet old woman in the whole world, and one of the most faithful servants to the king; but was she to see three beautiful princesses break their hearts for the mere tinkling of a guitar? Beside, though she had been so long among the Moors, and changed her faith, in imitation of her mistress, like a trusty follower, yet she was a Spaniard born, and had the lingerings of Christianity in her heart. So she set about to contrive how the wish of the princesses might be gratified. The Christian captives, confined in the Vermilion Towers, were under the charge of a big-whiskered, broad-shouldered renegade, called Hussein Baba, who was required to have a most itching palm. She went to him privately, and slipping a broad piece of gold into his hand, 'Hussein Baba,' said she, 'my mistresses, the three princesses, who are shut up in the tower, and in sad want of amusement, have heard of the musical talents of the three Spanish cavaliers, and are desirous of having a specimen of their skill. I am sure you are too kind-hearted to refuse them so innocent a gratification.' 'What! and to have my head set grinning over the gate of my own tower! for that would be the reward, if the king should discover it?' 'No danger of any thing of the kind; the affair may be managed so that the whim of the princesses may be gratified, and their father be never the wiser. You know the deep ravine outside of the walls that passes immediately below the tower. Put the three Christians to work there, and at the intervals of their labor let them play and sing, as if for their own recreation. In this way the princesses will be able to hear them from the windows of the tower, and you may be sure of their paying well for your compliance.' As the good old woman concluded her bartering, she kindly pressed the rough hand of the renegade, and left within it another piece of gold. Her eloquence was irresistible. The very next day, the three cavaliers were put to work in the ravine. During the noon-tide heat, when their fellow-labourers were sleeping in the shade, and the guard nodding drowsily at his post, they seated themselves among the herbage at the foot of the tower, and sang a Spanish roundelay to the accompaniment of the guitar. The glen was deep the tower was high, but their voices rose distinctly in the stillness of the summer noon. The princesses listened from their balcony—they had been taught the Spanish language by their duenna—and were moved by the tenderness of the song. The discreet Cadiga, on the contrary, was terribly shocked. 'Allah, preserve us!' cried she, 'they are singing a love-ditty, addressed to yourselves. Did ever mortal hear of such audacity? I will run to the slave-master, and have them soundly bastinadoed.' 'What! bastinado such gallant cavaliers, and for singing so charmingly?' The three beautiful princesses were filled with horror at the idea. With all her virtuous indignation, the good old woman was of a placable nature, and easily appeased. Beside, the music seemed to have a beneficial effect upon her young mistresses. A rosy bloom had already come to their cheeks, and their eyes began to sparkle. She made no further objection, therefore, to the amorous ditty of the cavaliers. When it was finished, the princesses remained silent for a time; at length Zoraida took up a lute, and with a sweet though faint and trembling voice, warbled a little Arabian air, the burden of which was, 'The rose is concealed among her leaves, but she listens with delight to the song of the nightingale.' From this time forward the cavaliers worked almost daily in the ravine. The considerate Hussein Baba became more and more indulgent, and daily more prone to sleep at his post. For some time a vague intercourse was kept up by popular songs and romances, which, in some measure, responded to each other, and breathed the feelings of the parties. By degrees, the princesses shewed themselves at the balcony, when they could do so without being perceived by the guards. They conversed with the cavaliers also by means of flowers, with the symbolic language of which they were mutually acquainted. The difficulties of their intercourse added to its charms, and strengthened the passion they had so singularly conceived: for love delights to struggle with difficulties, and thrives the most hardily on the scantiest soil. The change effected in the looks and spirits of the princesses by this secret intercourse surprised and gratified the left-handed king; but no one was more elated than the discreet Cadiga, who considered it all owing to her able management. At length there was an interruption in this telegraphic correspondence—for several days the cavaliers ceased to make their appearance in the glen. The three beautiful princesses looked out from the tower in vain. In vain they stretched their swan-like necks from the balcony; in vain they sang like captive nightingales in their cage: nothing was to be seen of their Christian lovers—not a note responded from the groves. The discreet Cadiga sallied forth in quest of intelligence and soon returned with a face full of trouble. 'Ah, my children!' cried she, 'I saw what all this would come to; but you would have your way; you may now hang up your lutes on the willows. The Spanish cavaliers are now ransomed by their families; they are down in Granada, and preparing to return to their native country.' The three beautiful princesses

were in despair at the tidings. The fair Zayda was indignant at the sight put upon them, in thus being deserted without a parting word. Zorayda wrung her hands and cried, and looked in the glass, and wiped away her tears, and cried afresh. The gentle Zorahayda leaned over the balcony and wept in silence; and her tears fell drop by drop among the flowers of the bank where the faithless cavaliers had so often been seated. The discreet Cadiga did all in her power to soothe their sorrow. "Take comfort, my children," said she; "this is nothing when you are used to it. This is the way of the world. Ah! when you are as old as I am, you will know how to value these men. I'll warrant, these cavaliers have their loves among the Spanish beauties of Cordova and Seville, and will soon be serenading under their balconies, and thinking no more of the Moorish beauties in the Alhambra. Take comfort, therefore, my children, and drive them from your hearts." The comforting words of the discreet Cadiga only redoubled the distress of the three princesses, and for two days they continued inconsolable. On the morning of the third, the good old woman entered their apartment all ruffling with indignation. "Who would have believed such insolence in mortal man!" exclaimed she, as soon as she could find words to express herself; "but I am rightly served for having connived at this deception of your worthy father. Never talk more to me of your Spanish cavaliers." "Why, what has happened, good Cadiga?" exclaimed the princesses in breathless anxiety. "What has happened?" "Treason has happened; or what is almost as bad, treason has been proposed, and to me, the faithful of subjects, the truest of ducenas! Yes, my children, the Spanish cavaliers have dared to tamper with me, that I should persuade you to fly with them to Cordova, and become their wives!" Here the excellent old woman covered her face with her hands, and gave way to a violent burst of grief and indignation. "The three beautiful princesses turned pale and red, pale and red, and trembled, and looked down, and cast shy looks at each other, but said nothing. Meantime the old woman sat rocking backward and forward in violent agitation, and now and then breaking out into exclamations—"That ever I should live to be so insulted!—I, the faithful of servants!" At length the eldest princess, who had most spirit, and always took the lead, approached her, and laying her hand upon her shoulder, said she "supposing we were willing to fly with these Christian cavaliers, is such a thing possible?" The good old woman paused suddenly in her grief, and looking up, "possible!" echoed she; "to be sure it is possible. Have not the cavaliers already bribed Hussein Baba, the renegade captain of the guard, and arranged the whole?" But, then, to think of deceiving your father—your father, who has placed such confidence in me! Here the worthy woman gave way to a fresh burst of grief, and began again to rock backward and forward, and to wring her hands. "But our father has never placed any confidence in us," said the eldest princess; "but has trusted to bolts and bars, and treated us as captives." "Why, that is true enough," replied the old woman, again pausing in her grief; "he has indeed treated you most unreasonably; keeping you shut up here, to waste your bloom in a moping old tower, like roses left to wither in a flower-jar. But, then, to fly from your native land!" "And is not the land we fly to the native land of our mother, where we shall live in freedom?" And shall we not each have a youthful husband in exchange for a severe old father?" "Why, that again is all very true; and your father, I must confess, is rather tyrannical. But what, then, relapsing into her grief, "would you leave me behind to bear the brunt of his vengeance?" "By no means, my good Cadiga; cannot you fly with us?" "Very true, my child; and, to tell the truth, when I talked the matter over with Hussein Baba, he promised to take care of me, if I would accompany you in your flight."

"The appointed night arrived. The tower of the princesses had been locked up as usual, and the Alhambra was buried in deep sleep. Towards midnight, the discreet Cadiga listened from a balcony of a window that looked into the garden: Hussein Baba, the renegade, was already below, and gave the appointed signal. The duenna fastened the end of a ladder of ropes to the balcony, lowered it into the garden, and descended. The two eldest princesses followed her with beating hearts; but when it came to the turn of the youngest princess, Zorahayda, she hesitated and trembled. Several times she ventured a delicate little foot upon the ladder, and as often drew it back, while her poor little heart fluttered more and more the longer she delayed. She cast a wistful look back into the silken chamber—she had lived in it, to be sure, like a bird in a cage; but within it she was secure. Who could tell what dangers might beset her, should she flutter forth into the wide world? Now she bethought her of her gallant Christian lover, and her little foot was instantly upon the ladder; and anon she thought of her father, and snaked back. But fruitless is the attempt to describe the conflict in the bosom of one so young and tender, and loving, but so timid, and so ignorant of the world. In vain her sisters implored, the duenna scolded, and the renegade blasphemed beneath the balcony; the gentle little Moorish maid stood doubting and wavering on the verge of elopement—tempted by the sweetness of its sin, but terrified at its perils. Every moment increased the danger of discovery. A distant tramp was heard. "The patrols are walking the rounds," cried the renegade; "if we linger, we perish. Princesses, descend instantly, or we leave you." Zorahayda

was for a moment in fearful agitation; then loosening the ladder of ropes, with desperate resolution, she flung it from the balcony. "It is decided!" cried she; "flight is now out of my power! Allah guide and bless ye, my dear sisters! The two eldest princesses were shocked at the thoughts of leaving her behind, and would fain have lingered, but the patrol was advancing, the renegade was furious, and they were hurried away to the subterraneous passage."

The flight is finely described; but we can only give its conclusion.

"In our hurry to make good the escape of the princesses across the river, and up the mountains, we forgot to mention the fate of the discreet Cadiga. She had clung like a cat to Hussein Baba in the scamp across the Vega, screaming at every bound, and drawing many an oath from the whiskered renegade; but when he prepared to plunge his steed into the river, her terror knew no bounds. "Grasp me not so tightly," cried Hussein Baba; "hold on my belt, and fear nothing." She held firmly with both hands by the leather belt that girded the broad-backed renegade; but when he halted with the cavaliers to take breath on the mountain summit, the duenna was no longer to be seen. What has become of Cadiga?" cried the princesses in alarm. "Allah alone knows!" replied the renegade; "my belt came loose when in the midst of the river, and Cadiga was swept with it down the stream. The will of Allah be done! but it was an embroidered belt, and of great price." There was no time to waste in idle regrets; yet bitterly did the princesses bewail the loss of their discreet counsellor. "That excellent old woman, however, did not lose more than half of her nine lives in the stream. A fisherman, who was drawing his nets some distance down the stream, brought her to land, and was not a little astonished at his miraculous draught. What further became of the discreet Cadiga, the legend does not mention; certain it is that she evinced her discretion in never venturing within the reach of Mohamed the Left-handed. Almost as little is known of the conduct of that sagacious monarch when he discovered the escape of his daughters, and the deceit practised upon him by the most faithful of servants. It was the only instance in which he had called in the aid of counsel, and he was never afterwards known to be guilty of a similar weakness. He took good care, however, to guard his remaining daughter, who had no disposition to elope; it is thought, indeed, that she secretly repented having remained behind. Now and then she was seen leaning on the battlements of the tower, and looking mournfully towards the mountains in the direction of Cordova; and sometimes the notes of her lute were heard accompanying plaintive ditties, in which she was said to lament the loss of her sisters and her lover, and to bewail her solitary life. She died young, and, according to popular rumour, was buried in a vault beneath the tower; and her untimely fate has given rise to more than one traditional fable."

COMPLIMENT TO MR. IRVING.

We copy from a contemporary journal a notice of the dinner lately given to Mr. Irving.

Our last paper briefly mentioned that a public dinner had been given to Mr. Irving as a welcome by his fellow citizens. The official account of the entertainment was not furnished until after the Atlas was printed. City readers have, of course, perused it, but deeming our distant friends entitled to participate in the enjoyment of the occasion, we have given place to-day to Mr. Irving's speech, and proceed here to supply such further notices as the case admits.

Besides a very large number of his old friends and admirers, many distinguished strangers were present at the dinner. Chancellor Kent, in proposing the toast in honour of Mr. Irving, said—"We have met to express to a distinguished fellow-citizen, our gratitude for the exalted rank to which he has raised the literary reputation of this country; to testify our admiration of his genius, and to show that we cordially partake of the kindly and generous sympathies which pervade and have been diffused by his works." He proceeded to remark on the commencement of Mr. I.'s brilliant literary career—adverted in terms of high compliment both to Salmagundi and to the legend of the first colonization of this city and its adjacent shores—which he said had "rarely, perhaps never, been surpassed, not even by Rabelais of Swift, in its power, spirit, and effect. It was, at the same time, written with so much good temper and humanity, that there is nothing in it justly chargeable with a tendency to make one worthy man its foe." He then spoke of the sketches and essays of Geoffrey Crayon, "a series of liberal, moral and pathetic reflections, interwoven with legendary tales of fascinating interest, and adorned with the utmost purity of taste and elegance of style," and of the satisfaction with which the people of this country beheld one of its native sons rival on English ground, "the grace and elegance, the pathos and lofty morals of Addison, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie;" and touched at last on the Life of Columbus. Remarkable on the selection of this subject for the employment of his pen, he added, "the choice was most propitious, and the History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus, will probably become the standard work on that subject through all succeeding ages. It equals the most distinguished historical compositions, not only in the dignity of the subject, but in the judgment, skill, spirit, and felicity of its execution."

This eminent Historian, (he continued,) honored and beloved abroad, now returns with joy to the home of

his youth and to the beloved companions and scenes of his earliest glory. Let us then drink to

"Our Illustrious Guest, thrice welcome to his native land."

Mr. Irving's speech on the occasion will be found on a succeeding page. After he sat down Mr. Philip Hone proposed "the memory of the first settlers of our city"—and made a playful speech in which he alluded to "the little brisk old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, olive velvet breeches and a little cocked hat," (Diedrick Knickerbocker) who, albeit, he did leave his bill unpaid at the Independent Columbian Hotel, left a treasure in his saddle bags, which insured him the gratitude of the present generation." In pronouncing the name of the little old gentleman, Mr. H. thus defended his manner of doing it." I am quite sure it is correct, for Miss Nanny Bowles who taught my "young idea how to shoot," instructed me to pronounce *knare* and *knore*, and if I failed in giving the full aspiration to the initial letter of each of these words, she was sure to apply the first to me as an epithet, and to inflict the other upon my offending pate. Moreover, I am informed, that the respectable family of Knickerbockers, of Scaghtokem, still adhere to that pronunciation."

Mr. John Duer, before offering his toast, made a long, very happily conceived and well executed address, intended "to relieve the public mind from a delusion—a very serious delusion, on a very serious subject." He wished to manage the affair with all possible consideration and delicacy towards the feelings of Mr. Irving—but it was necessary to dispel an error so prevalent as to be nearly universal. He would attempt to prove that the history of New-York commonly ascribed to the pen of Mr. I. was in fact written by Diedrick Knickerbocker himself. Appealing to the company as a jury, but addressing the chairman for convenience, Mr. D. proceeded thus lawyer-like with the case.

"The first question I admit to be—Did Diedrick Knickerbocker ever exist at all? And here I have to regret, that the witnesses I had summoned from Schaghtokem, and on whom I relied, by some strange accident, are none of them in Court. Following, therefore, a not unfrequent and sometimes successful practice—no one doubts its propriety—I offer myself as a witness. Certainly Diedrick Knickerbocker has existed. My recollection is clear and distinct—I have seen the man Cross-examined—I cannot exactly fix the time and place—I cannot state how I knew and where I conversed with him, but these are trifling particulars; my forgetfulness of them does not at all shake the certainty of my belief in the main fact—the man I have seen Nay, I go farther, I ask your own recollection, sir, for it is upon you that I may next call as a witness. Task your own recollection by the process I shall mention, and you will not refuse to join me in bearing testimony. You have read I doubt not, frequently, the preface to the first edition of the "History of New-York." Do you not remember, sir, the description it contains of the person, appearance and dress of Diedrick Knickerbocker—the few scattered grey hairs—the bending form—the humble and thoughtful look—the rusty black coat—the tarnished green vest—the olive coloured breeches, and the blue stockings? Have you not seen that man, sir? For myself, I never read this preface, but Diedrick stands before me, and so distinct is the image, that I know at once, with an intuitive certainty, that it is an image recalled by my own memory, not impressed by the fancy of another. I pass now from the external proof—rigid as you are, sir, you may think it somewhat weak; be it so; strike it out of the case. The chasm is far more than supplied by the abundance and certainty of the internal evidence, to which I shall now appeal." We much regret that our limits do not allow us to notice the argument any further. Having (at least in his own view) gained his cause, Mr. Duer proposed "The memory of the Dutch Herodotus—Diedrick Knickerbocker."—*ib.*

MR. IRVING'S SPEECH.

Mr. Irving on rising was greatly agitated by the warm cheers with which he was hailed. He observed that he believed most of his hearers were sensible of his being wholly unused to public speaking, but he should be wanting in the feelings of human nature if he was not roused and excited by the present scene. After renewed clearing he proceeded in, as nearly as can be recollected, the following words:—"I find myself, after a long absence of seventeen years, surrounded by the friends of my youth—by those whom in my early days I was accustomed to look up to with veneration—by others, who though personally new to me, I recognize as the sons of my native city. The manner in which I have been received by them, has rendered this the proudest, the happiest moment of my life. And what has rendered it more poignant is, that I had been led at times, to doubt my standing in the affections of my countrymen. Rumours and suggestions had reached me [here Mr. I. betrayed much emotion] that absence had impaired their kind feelings—that they considered me alienated in heart from my country. Gentlemen, I was too proud to vindicate myself from such a charge; nor should I have alluded to it at this time, if the warm and affectionate reception I have met with on all sides since my landing, and the overpowering testimonials of regard here offered me, had not proved that my misgivings were groundless.—(Cheers and clapping here interrupted the speaker for a few moments.) Never, certainly, did a man return to his native place after so long an absence under happier auspices. On my side I see changes it true but

they are the changes of rapid improvement and growing prosperity; even the countenances of my old associates and townsmen, have appeared to me but slightly affected by the lapse years, though perhaps it was the glow of ancient friendship, and heartfelt welcome burning from them, that prevented me from seeing the ravages of time.

As to my native city, from the time I approached the coast I had indications of its growing greatness. We had scarce descended the land, when a thousand sails of all descriptions gleaming along the horizon, and all standing to or from one point, showed that we were in the neighbourhood of a vast commercial emporium. As I sailed up our beautiful bay, with a heart swelling with old recollections and delightful associations, I was astonished to see its once wild features brightening with populous villages and noble piles, and a seeming city, extending itself over heights I had left covered with green forests [alluding, probably, to Brooklyn and Gowanus]. But how shall I describe my emotions when our city rose to sight, seated in the midst of its watery domain, stretching away to a vast extent; when I beheld a glorious sunshine lighting up the skies and domes, some familiar to memory, others new and unknown, and beaming upon a forest of masts of every nation, extending as far as the eye could reach. I have gazed with admiration upon many a fair city and stately harbour, but my admiration was cold and intellectual, for I was a stranger, and had no property in the soil. Here, however, my heart throbbed with pride and joy as I admired—I had a birthright in the brilliant scene before me:

"This was my own, my native Land."

Mr. Irving was here interrupted by immense applause; when the cheering had subsided he went on as follows. "It has been asked 'Can I be content to live in this country?' Whoever asks that question must have but an inadequate idea of its blessings and delights. What sacrifice of enjoyments have I to reconcile myself to? I come from gloomier climes to one of brilliant sunshine and inspiring purity. I come from countries hovering with doubt and danger, where the rich man trembles and the poor man trembles—where all repine at the present and dread the future. I come from these, to a country where all is life and animation; where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with growing and confident anticipation. Is this not a community in which one may rejoice to live? Is this not a city by which one may be proud to be received as the son? Is this not a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny, and ambition—if possible, to found a name?" (A burst of applause, when Mr. Irving quickly resumed:—"I am asked how long I mean to remain here? They know but little of my heart or feelings who can ask me this question. I answer, as long as I live." The roof now rung with bravos, handkerchiefs were waved on every side, "three cheers" again and again, and plaudits upon plaudits following in such quick succession, begun, ended and begun again, that it was some time before the toast with which Mr. Irving concluded, could be heard. It was as follows:—

"Our City—May God continue to prosper it."

CAUTIONS OF THE WEEK.

From the Atlas.

We have never chronicled the "horrid murders" or "dreadful accidents," &c. which form so conspicuous a portion of the contents of many journals; but, to atone for this omission, will now make an experiment of offering in a condensed form, the moral that may be extracted from these "ills that flesh is heir to."

To begin—*Don't stay in a close room where there is combustion.*—Two men and a boy last their lives a few days since, in Pennsylvania, by sleeping in the cabin of a canal boat with a fire of anthracite in an open furnace. We have expressed our caution in general terms, because very many persons who are acquainted with the deleterious nature of the gas from charcoal, do not know that the same noxious (and, if circumstances permit, fatal) atmosphere is produced by fuel of every kind. In a few coils taken from the hearth in a pan, the fact is overlooked, because the combustion is chiefly at an end, and very little carbonic gas is produced. Wood burnt in a close room, fills the place at once with smoke, so that no one can stay, and the doors being opened to clear this away, the dangerous gas is expelled along with it. This remark applies equally to chips, shavings, ground bark, and peat. The only other articles used for fuel in this country, are anthracite and bituminous coal. The latter, like wood, gives protection by smoking out those who try to kindle it in such situations; and the former is generally considered so difficult of ignition that it is not likely to be often employed in this way. It is proper, however, that the general principle should be universally known. Many lives may be preserved by it.

Be careful how you lean out of the windows.—A young Miss in Boston, recently, in reaching out for a bird cage, fell from the third story to the ground. Her bones were dislocated and broken; but happening to strike on a person walking by, the fall was not fatal.

Be cautious what roots you eat.—A labourer at Andover, Ms. lately dug up a root while at his work, and having eaten a piece, he died in an hour and a half. It is supposed to have been Cicuta. This kind of fatal heedlessness, is by no means uncommon.

Never play truant.—The Albany Journal mentions the case of a lad drowned in the Canal Basin. Lis-

ten to the recital, and mark the moral—"He was, we understand, sent to school, but disobeyed, and is drowned! Let all children reflect upon the fate of this poor boy, and the grief of his afflicted parents, and they will seldom be found playing truant."

Avoid, if possible, being in debt.—A case of suicide in the city, this week, is ascribed to pecuniary embarrassment.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1832.

FALSE MODESTY.

Among the multitude of Mrs. Trollope's fictions respecting this country, she has hit the truth at least in one thing—we mean the prevalence of false modesty. This is every where to be met with among us, and more especially with those people who pretend to good society. It is ridiculous in the extreme; and sometimes no less vexatious than ridiculous. It proves a bar to rational conversation, and a restraint to elegant amusement.

This particular squeamishness is no proof of real modesty or delicacy; and the lady, who may exhibit the greatest share of it in public, may be found the most unrestrained in private. She may, as the girl said, when reading the testament at school, "Strain at a gate and swallow a corn-mill."

One of these extra-modest ladies, one evening lately, visited a gallery of the fine arts in this city. She was accompanied by a young gentleman, who wished her, among other things worthy of especial notice, to examine the Chanting Cherubs, at the farther corner of the room.

"Are they drest?" said she.

"Drest!" exclaimed the man, in some surprise.

"Yes—surely, Mr. Smith, you know what I mean. Have they got clothes on?"

"What kind of clothes do you imagine angels wear, Miss Nipperkin?"

"What kind of clothes!" echoed she, at the same time looking down at her own—"why, Mr. Smith, what kind of clothes do ladies generally wear?"

"The cherubs are not ladies, Miss Nipperkin, nor even of the female sex."

"Not females! Why, you gentlemen always call us angels."

"That's a mere compliment to your beauty."

"You surely don't mean to say the chanting cherubs are horrid male creatures?"

"Horrid! no, by no means. They're beautiful little boys, with wings on their shoulders, very much like the pictures of Cupid—except that, instead of a bow and arrows, they have merely a scroll, from which they are earnestly engaged in chanting."

"Do they speak?"

"No—but they look every moment as if they would. Come, will you go and see them?"

"You haven't told me whether they were drest yet," said Miss Nipperkin, looking very modestly down.

"They are drest in all the beauty of nature," replied Mr. Smith; "but they have no clothes on."

"Not any at all!" said Miss Nipperkin, holding her fan before her face in great confusion.

"Not a rag, I assure you," said Mr. Smith.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the lady, "I wouldn't look at them for the world."

"No!—there is nothing more pure and chaste than the exhibition."

"How can you say so, Mr. Smith, when you've just told me they had no clothes on?"

"But you will please to consider, Miss Nipperkin, that they are merely pieces of pure white marble, chiseled into the form of infant angels."

"Yes, but, Mr. Smith, infants shouldn't be seen in public without some kind of clothing."

"Suppose they were half clad"—looking at Miss Nipperkin's dress—"like the—"

"Oh, now, Mr. Smith, you needn't begin upon that subject. The ladies have a right to wear as little dress as they please, so long as they don't go beyond the fashion."

"Certainly—and the chanting cherubs have an equal right to appear without dress. Won't you go and see them?"

"I'm astonished, Mr. Smith, that you should persist in asking me. It is an affront to my modesty, to imagine for a moment that I could look at any thing so shockingly indecent."

"I beg your pardon, madam—I meant no affront. But I really supposed every lady of taste would, whatever else she overlooked, examine the chanting cherubs."

No arguments, however, could persuade the modest Miss Nipperkin to expose herself to the blush by looking at the little angels without clothes; and she would not even go to that part of the gallery where

they were, lest her delicacy should by any possible chance be shocked by inadvertently casting her eyes upon them.

Mr. Smith attended her home, and after chatting some time unmolested by the family, who considerably left them together, he offered to kiss her hand. Did not her delicacy rise in arms? By no means. She cast a killing look upon him, and asked him if a man of his taste preferred a lady's hand to her lips.

"No, by heavens!" exclaimed the young gentleman, gallantly suiting the action to the word—"but your extreme delicacy at the gallery—"

"Fie! fie! Mr. Smith," interrupted the lady, gently tapping him with her fan—"that's quite a different affair. One doesn't like to expose one's reputation in public. Besides, a mere kiss by way of friendship—or—high—do!"

Here the gentle Miss Nipperkin drew a sigh from the bottom of her heart, and looking languishingly soft towards the young gentleman, was eloquently silent. But it would not do: whatever views of matrimony Mr. Smith might formerly have entertained in relation to Miss Nipperkin, the events of that evening had entirely changed them. He was not so ungallant as to refuse the offering of her lips; but, being an enemy to all counterfeits, her false modesty put an end to all designs upon her hand.

KNITTING WORK.

The ladies of New England have, from time immemorial, been distinguished for their industry. That no time may be lost, they take their knitting work when they go a visiting, and both talk and knit at the same time. This industrious disposition was, last winter, manifested at a grammar school, taught by an acquaintance of ours. The young ladies brought their knitting, their fingers flew, and the needles clicked incessantly, while the teacher was lecturing.

This industry was considered by the master as a little out of place, and as interfering somewhat with the progress of the fair pupils in knowledge. Indeed, he suspected they advanced more rapidly with their stockings than with their grammar. He wished to hit upon some mode of suppressing this vexatious industry. He was somewhat of a wag, and he chose a waggish expedient. He turned the tables upon the knitters—not, indeed, by actually bringing his knitting work, but what was equivalent thereto—namely, an apparatus and materials for shaving shingles.

He arrived at the school-room betimes, took his seat at his shaving-horse, and was busily engaged in shaving shingles when the young ladies arrived. They were quite surprised at this new movement, and knew not whether they should retreat, or take their seats.

"Don't be alarmed, young ladies," said the teacher, who kept plying the drawing-knife; "you see I'm an apt scholar myself, and have merely caught a little of your spirit of industry. It is a pity that any time should be lost; and as you have set the example of learning grammar and knitting at the same time, I have resolved to emulate your industry by teaching grammar and shaving shingles at the same operation."

He then began to lecture very eloquently upon nouns, pronouns, conjugations, declensions, and the like—stopping every now and then to take a squint at his shingles to see if they were properly jointed. The ladies felt the retort: they blushed and tittered, while he lectured and made shingles.

"Confound the grammar!" said he; "while I was talking about that vile objective case, I've spoilt as fine a shingle as ever was shaved." He then went on teaching again: "All verbs, as I have already explained to you, are either active, passive, or neuter. A verb is said to be active when—by George! there's another shingle spoilt!—the action passes from the agent to the object, as thus—Edward cuts a figure—faith! I've cut that shingle the wrong way!—Ladies, you'll excuse me, if I do make more than common use of the interjection to-day. The fact is, I'm not used to work and teach at the same time. But I beg you would not suspend your knitting on account of my ill luck. I shall doubtless improve in a few days, so as to do two things at once with very decided advantage."

The young ladies, however, knit very little during that lecture; and what they did was so badly done, that they were obliged to unravel it after returning home. The master's expedient had the desired effect, and the knitting work was seen in school no more.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.—Among the many instances of the kindness and humanity of Josephine, the following, extracted from the late "Memoirs" of that lady, is not the least interesting:

"One morning a child (for she did not exceed thirteen years of age) arrived at St. Cloud, entreating to see the empress, on a matter of life and death. Though not yet five o'clock, the attendants did not hesitate to inform their mistress, knowing she might forgive being disturbed, but would not overlook inhu-

manity. The petitioner was the daughter of General Lajollais, who, without informing any one, had left the relations under whose protection she had been residing in Paris, her mother likewise being in prison as an accomplice; and thus, alone, friendless, and unknown, had come to cast herself at the empress's feet, to supplicate for a father's life. A privy council was to assemble exactly at five that same morning. Josephine directed the weeping girl to be concealed near the saloon through which Napoleon must necessarily pass on coming from the council chamber. In behalf of Lajollais, who, though cleared by a court-martial, had still remained under auspicium, from connection with the events of the 18th Fructidor, she had not even ventured to plead. The council continued to sit for twelve hours; the empress ordered refreshments to be carried to her protégée, and repeatedly went herself, accompanied by Hortense, endeavoring in the kindest manner, to persuade her to take something; but in vain were the most tempting delicacies presented by her own hand; the poor child could think only of the dreadful situation of a father, whose immediate execution might be pronounced by the very council then sitting. At five o'clock in the afternoon it broke up: on a sign given by one stationed on purpose to point out the emperor to her, Made-moiselle Lajollais threw herself before Napoleon and clasped his knees. A heart-rending scene ensued before his obduracy yielded; at last he relented so far as to say, 'Well, your father shall not die.' On hearing this, the poor supplicant fainted away; the emperor himself raised and consigned her to Josephine, who after bestowing the most tender care on her recovery, dismissed her under protection of the brave Lavalette, to announce the reprieve to her father."

SCALE OF GREATNESS—LADDER OF DEPENDENCE.

Greatness, like most other words expressing the quality of things, is a relative term. Thus a man may be great in the country, and little in the city; he may be great in a town-meeting, and little in a state legislature; or he may be great in a state legislature, and little in Congress. Hence what is great in one place is not great in another. Greatness, however, does not depend on place alone, but is also regulated by time. This latter point has been very amusingly illustrated, by Fielding, in his Joseph Andrews.

"It may not (says he) be unpleasant to picture dependence like a kind of ladder; as for instance: early in the morning rises the postillion, or some other boy, which great families are never without, and falls to brushing the clothes and cleaning the shoes of John the footman; who being drest himself, applies his hands to the same labor for Mr. Second-hand, the Squire's gentleman; the gentleman in like manner, a little later in the day, attends the squire; the squire is no sooner equipped, than he attends the levee of my lord; which is no sooner over, than my lord himself is seen at the levee of the favorite, who, after the hour of homage is at an end, appears himself to pay homage to the levee of his sovereign. Nor is there, perhaps, in this whole ladder of dependence, any one step at a greater distance from the other than the first from the second; so that to a philosopher the question might only seem, whether you would choose to be a great man at six in the morning, or at two in the afternoon. And yet there are scarce two of these who do not think the least familiarity with the persons below them a condescension, and if they were to go one step farther, a degradation."

UNPALATABLE.—"Have you got any *hideous* medicine?" said an awkward looking fellow, the other day, to a physician of this city.

"Hideous medicine!" exclaimed the disciple of Esculapins, "what sort of medicine is that?"

"I don't know what sort, I'm sure," returned the fellow—"but I know that's what they call it. It's a medicine what cures all sorts of complainants."

"It must be a valuable medicine then," said the doctor.

"Sartently 'tis," said the man, "a most glorious medicine—it cures all manner of diseases quicker'n you can say Jack Robison. Have you got any on't, or no?"

"I've nothing by that name."

"Have you got any thing of that water?"

"I think not."

"Then I've come to the wrong shop, that's all," said the fellow, turning round with a mortified air; and away he went to make further inquiries for his *hideous* medicine—meaning, probably, the famous catholicon, cyceleped "Hygeian Medicine."

POLITICS.—By the simple and honest of former times, this word was used to signify the science of government; and so it is defined by the lexicographers. But those tardy gentlemen are always behind the improvements of the age. The wiser heads of

the present day apply the word in a different manner; namely, to signify a *Scramble for Office*, the end whereof is the division of the "spoils." The man, therefore, who succeeds best in getting into places of power and emolument, whatever his capacity for governing may be, is supposed to have the best understanding of politics. A tolerable share of intrigue, a pretty knack of lying, and an ability at cajolery, are indispensable requisites to the accomplished politician. By making a dexterous use of these, he will very certainly get above all such persons as have merely knowledge, honesty, experience, and such-like obsolete qualities to recommend them.

BEAU.—A walking machine, having two legs, a pair of hands, and a round substance resembling a head. It is sometimes mistaken for a man; but it has this essential difference, that whereas a man is endowed with sense and feeling, this is possessed of neither. Nevertheless it seems to have some passions, the chief of which are vanity and a fondness for dress. It may be seen every day parading the streets of this great capital, especially Broadway, with a bit of rattan, or whalebone, headed with ivory, tied to its wrist. It always displays a safety-chain in its bosom; though it is believed not to wear a watch. It is likewise provided with a quizzing glass, which ever and anon it raises to its eye, as if the better to discern some passing object, particularly a pretty woman. In fact, it is not unfrequently seen attending on some female, and is found useful in carrying her basket, fan, parasol, and so forth. It is not so great a curiosity as Maelzel's automaton, because it is now so very common, and because, as far as we have heard, it is totally incapable of playing chess, or performing any other action depending on the head; though it has been seen to dance very well.

COFFEE.—A dark-colored powder in small quantity, decocted and mixed up with pump or Manhattan water, in large quantity. This powder is originally possessed of an aroma, which many people are fond of, but which the prudent housewives effectually disperse in the decoction. This boiled powder, together with the abundance of water, is usually placed on the table at breakfast in large china cups; where, being mixed with a little brown sugar and a little blue milk, it is swallowed along with the other ingredients which go to make up the morning meal. For example, *vide* taverns and boarding-houses *passim*.

EPITAPH ON A BARBER'S BOY.

[Translated from Martial.]

"He jacet in tumbulo," &c.

Here underneath this earthy knowl,
All mute and still, lies Peter Pole.
Scarce had he learned to clip the locks
From those who had to spare,
And weave fine wigs on barbers' blocks—
For those who had no hair,
And learnt withal to shave,
When death he broke his father-box,
And laid him in his grave.
Lie light, Oh, Earth! of dust be saving—
Thou canst not lighter be,
A thousand chains agree,
That was his hand when he was shaving.

PRESIDENT DUEK'S SPEECH.—The Philadelphia Gazette says:—"With all due deference to the opinions of our New York brethren of the paragraph corps, we cannot help imagining that the long speech of Mr. Duek, at the Irving dinner, must have bordered on the bore." "It was the bounden duty of the people present, however, to greet every sentence with a guffaw, even though its pith were not so discernible: like the schepens belonging to the corporation of Nieuw Amsterdam, whose business was to laugh at all the jokes of the sub-aldermen, at corporation festivities, and for which they received a salary."

A similar opinion respecting the bore-ability of this speech has been expressed by sundry of those present at the dinner—who thought that *irony*, which required so deep digging, should be nothing less than pure gold.

UNGALLANT.—The Duchess of Berri, with two of three dukes and sundry other adherents of the ex-Bourbons, lately attempted to land at Marseilles, to stir up an insurrection in favor of Henry V. son of the Duchess. But his Majesty, Louis Philip, was so ungallant, that he would not allow her Grace so much as to set foot on the soil of France, or stir up any rebellion whatever; but despatched her forthwith, together with her friends, back to the palace of Holy-wood.

WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?—A project is on foot, in the Common Council, to clean the streets of this city! This certainly shows the courage and enterprise of the present Corporation: for so great a

labor has not been undertaken since Hercules cleansed the Augean stables.

LIBERTY ON THE RISE.—A resolution has passed the Board of Aldermen, allowing the inhabitants of the eighth ward to erect a Liberty Pole. This is very generous of the Board. Who would not live in a free country, where a liberty pole may be had by humbly petitioning for it?

PIE, PIE UPON TREE! friend of the Syracuse Argus. Dost imagine, because a man hath a grave face, a bald head, and weareth spectacles, that he should therefore have no humor in his soul?

DEATH OF REV. C. C. COLTON.—The ingenious author of *Lacon* lately put an end to his life, at Fontainebleau, with a pistol. The papers ascribe this act to the horror of undergoing a severe surgical operation, which had become absolutely necessary. The life of this man is but another instance what beautiful precepts a man may inculcate in his writings, and how bad an example he may give to the world in his practice.

A few copies of No. 32 and 43 of the 2d Vol. of this paper are wanted by us for binding. Persons who have these numbers and are willing to part with them, will be paid for the same, on presenting them at the Office, No. 764 Maiden Lane.

The Proprietors of the Constellation, grateful for the liberal patronage already received by this Journal, and anxious to keep pace with the improvements of the times, announce their intention of commencing a new series and new volume on the 15th of September next. Payments for the paper being made according to the length of time it is taken, this will not affect the bills of subscribers. Having the promised aid of several gentlemen of wit and talents, they hope to render their journal yet more attractive in its matter, as well as its appearance.

The Terms will be as now, Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance; out of the United States \$4 per annum, U.S. postage included. No subscriptions received for less than a half year, nor discontinued except at half yearly periods. Persons who may wish to commence with the new volume will please give early notice at the office, 16 Merchants' Exchange, post paid.

For the purpose of bringing the commencement of all subscriptions to one specific period, we have made out all our bills to 8th September ensuing. They are in the hands, in the city, of our general agent, Mr. Edmund Fowle, and in the country will be presented by an authorized Agent. As the amounts are each very small—although in the aggregate a considerable sum—we shall feel under many obligations to our subscribers if they will pay their dues on presentation of the bills; or if absent from home, leave the amount with some member of their family.

SELECTIONS.

A Cunning Dutchman.—Mynheer Van Wurtemburg was the skipper and part owner of the "Bountiful Vrow," which was admired at all the ports and stopping places between New Netherlands and Troy, for her model, the graceful manner in which she was equipped, and her unrivalled speed, which exceeded that of any duck or gosling ever hatched. She was built after the most approved model, brought out from Holland—the bold front of her bow (how strangely have fashions altered!) could compare to advantage with any thing but her stern, and her rig was such as to bid defiance to any gale, short of the like of that which stranded Noah's ark on Ararat. Her captain was as clever a fellow as could be expected for a Dutchman—by which appellation is understood the exact counterpart of good nature, sociability, and politeness—and distinguished by a countenance, one of the few in which the physiognomist would vacillate between setting down for the frontispiece to a knowing scoundrel, or an honest ignorant simpleton.

At the time of which we speak, the genius of the immortal Fulton had not been awakened, or was not in the "full tide of successful operation;" and the appearance of a steamboat on the waters of the Hudson would then have excited greater consternation than would the long expected comet at the present day in the city of Gotham. Consequently the sail craft, of which the "Bountiful Vrow" was the belle, and Mynheer Van Wurtemburg the commodore, were reaping a golden harvest; as not unfrequently sixty or seventy passengers, at twelve to fifteen dollars "per head," embarked with the prayers of the church and a fair wind, from one city for the other, after as many preliminaries as are now requisite for a voyage across the Atlantic. In those days, however, a passage to Albany was by no means to be undertaken without mature deliberation, as it often consumed one entire season: and we have received from those who heard it from distant relatives

of our skipper, who learned it from the old gentleman himself, that in one year he started from New York in the spring and arrived at Albany in the autumn, without any thing remarkable occurring other than the inconvenience of grounding four times in the river, which time however was improved to detach the barnacles from the bottom of the packet, and replenish from the shore their stock of provisions and tobacco.

But sometimes a remarkable short passage was accomplished; and it was on the afternoon of as beautiful a day as was ever beheld, not excepting even a portion of the past fortnight, that the "Bountiful Vrow" was ploughing her way rapidly, at the rate of two and a half knots per hour towards Albany, then within sight. Her passengers consisted of about a dozen gentlemen, on their way to the Springs, the waters at that time possessing the reputation of being a "safe, certain and expeditious cure for the" dyspepsia, with which a major part of them were afflicted. During the whole week which had elapsed since the vessel had left New York, they had been engaged in playing their tricks upon the captain, who cured "for nothing put their tam nonsense in preaking his pipes." As they had nearly reached their port of debarkation, it was but natural that they should set about putting themselves in a fit condition to "see company." But alas! the captain, on whom the passengers usually depended for shaving apparatus, informed them that he had unfortunately sent his razors "ashore to be ground," and therefore could not accommodate them. Their faces instantly elongated—their beards were of sufficient length already—and grief was visible on each countenance. At length the skipper remembered that he had one razor, which he produced. Holding it in his hand he mounted the companion way, and stated that he had a few remarks to make previous to delivering it up. It was necessary that all should have as equal a chance as possible, and he proposed that they should shave one side of their face in rotation, and then, commencing with the last operator, "follow their hand back," so that they would be more equally accommodated than though each finished at one operation—he offering to take the last turn. This was unanimously agreed to. The passengers all performed the first part of the agreement, and the razor came in turn to the captain, who, according to stipulation was to conclude the first course and commence the second. He completed—and then, instead of handing it to the soaped up passenger who stood ready to receive it, hurled it over the quarter rail. "Dat vill do for preaking mine pipes," exclaimed he, to the angry half shaved objects that surrounded him. After venting their curses "loud and deep" upon his lucky head, they left the sloop, which by this time had reached the pier, and repairing to the nearest shop, (some distance from the landing) escorted by all the ragamuffins of the place, made an agreement with the occupant to take off the remainder; vowing never again to pass their jokes upon Mynheer Van Wurtemburg. —*New Bedford Gaz.*

Berry Huckel, a shocking fat man—comparable in size to the great ox Americus—is smitten with a love of gymnastics, whereby he lives in hopes to reduce his corpulency to tolerable limits; for by his own statement, in his little shop in the north eastern part of the city, he finds latterly, that he cannot get behind the counter without incurring the risk of backing down the wall. Berry inclines to potatoes of the veritable Poughkeepsie, which, he says, gives him strength to sustain the load of fleshy ills under which he suffers. Under high pressure of Poughkeepsie was Berry, when the watchman found him laboring hard to jump over a carriage stone with his hat placed upon it. He was muttering to himself at every unsuccessful attempt, as he fished his hat from the gutter with a walking stick. "Well now, it's too bad," said he, "this 'ere hat will be ruined to all intents and purposes—Here goes. Warn'ee once, twice, three times and away."

"What are you at, Mister?"

"Don't baulk—now Charley can you jump that 'ere, standing with a brick in each hand?"

"No—come along—you are tiny."

"I aint—I am fat, fat as old Falstaff, and I am training down to two hundred pounds. I want to be cool in the summer."

"You may walk to the watch house."

"May I—that's kind. No thank'ee, don't want to intrude—I knows manners, seeing as how I was well bred."

"I have no doubt of it. Your whole body shows it. So come along, and make no bones about the matter."

"Bones! I haven't seen any of my bones, I don't know when. But clear out, skinny, and let me practise. Warn'ee once—"

"Oh! nonsense!"—so saying the watch carried off Berry Huckel. He was fined and dismissed. —*Pennsylvania.*

Gratitude in a Slave.—A lady residing at Mauritius, many years ago, emancipated a slave, whose good conduct and fidelity she wished to reward—being in affluent circumstances, she gave him with his freedom, a sum of money which enabled him to establish himself in business, and being

industrious and thrifty, he soon became rich enough to purchase a small estate in the country, whither he retired with his family. Years passed away, and while he was rapidly accumulating money, his former mistress was sinking into poverty, misfortune had overtaken her, and she found herself in old age, poor, solitary, neglected, and in want of the common comforts of life. This man heard of her unhappy condition, and immediately came to the town and sought her out in her humble abode; with the utmost respect he expressed his concern at finding his honored lady in so reduced a state; and implored her to come to his estate, and allow him the gratification of providing for her future comfort. The lady was much affected at the feeling evinced by her old servant; but declined his offer: he could not, however, be prevailed on to relinquish his design; "My good mistress," he said, "chide me by accepting my services; when you were rich you were kind to me; you gave me freedom and money, with which through God's blessing I have been enabled to make myself comfortable in life, and now I only do my duty in asking you to share my property when you are in need." His urgent entreaties at length prevailed, and the lady was conveyed, in his palanquin, to the comfortable and well furnished apartments assigned to her by his grateful care; his wife and daughters received her with the utmost respect, and always showed by their conduct, that they considered themselves her servants. Deserted by those who had professed themselves her friends while she was in affluence, this good lady passed the remainder of her days in comfort and ease, amidst those who had once been her dependents.—*Recollections of Seven Years Residence at Mauritius.*

An old crime committed in a new way.—Night before last, a chap called at the store of Messrs. Sykes & Fink, in Green-st., and purchased a few trifling articles for which he paid. He then looked at other articles, and after a pretty deliberate examination, (during which time he went frequently to the door and cried 'who,' to a horse that might have stood there, but for the circumstance that the fellow had no horse!) he allowed several articles to be cut off and put up. After his goods were neatly compressed in an appropriate wrapper, with the customary sugar-stem twist at each end, my gentleman took the bundle, and inquired for the bill, whereupon he drew forth a leather pocket book which might have been lined with Bank notes. At this critical moment while the Clerk's fingers were itching for the dust, that impatient horse (provided, always, that there had been a horse in the case) again required the customer's attention, who first looked and then passed out of the store, taking the goods with him. But as he left his apparently well filled pocket book before the clerk's eyes on the counter, it was certain that he had merely stepped out to quiet his horse! As, however, the gentleman did not return, after a lapse of some fifteen minutes, it was deemed not impertinent to "ropin" to the leather pocket book, which was found to contain something less than a quire of rather coarse but very substantial—*brown paper.*—*Alb. Jour.*

VARIETIES.

From the Atlas.

A philosophical discovery.—A savant has discovered, as we learn from the newspapers, that if you place two wine glasses at a distance from each other in a suitable position, and lay a small stick of pine with its extremities resting on them, you may break the splinter without injuring the glasses. It is added with much naivete, "when, however, the glasses are thin and the stick is too strong, they will break; and they will break in any event, if the stick does not." —*Pro-di-gi-ous!*

Expediting the mails.—As it seems a difficult matter to dispose of the Indians, to the satisfaction of all parties, we will make a suggestion. Let each and every of them be employed by the Post Office Department. Thus two important objects would be simultaneously effected. The various mail routes in the Union extend collectively a distance of from fifteen to twenty millions of miles, and it is estimated by the War Department that during the present season the number of Indians residing east of the Mississippi will fall below 20,000, so that, it will be perceived, there is more than employment enough to engage all in the capacity of couriers. Of their eminent qualifications for this service, we need adduce no other evidence than the following extract from the Missouri Republican. Speaking of the war on the Illinois frontier, the paper says—"As proof of the rapidity with which the Indians traverse the country, it is stated, that a runner from Black Hawk and his allies, bearing to the Missouri Indians news of the defeat of the Militia, arrived at the Des Moines Rapids twenty-four hours before the express sent by Gov. Reynolds." We do not know the precise distance between the points named, but should judge from the only map before us, that it did not exceed 300 miles. Our merchants could afford to pay well for a correspondent increase of expedition in the mails, between the several remote parts of the Union. Should this hint be acted on [?] we trust, as the supply of runners it appears would be unequal to the demands of all the mail routes, that the best practicable substitutes, by steam locomotives and expresses,

will be furnished to those who are denied the indulgence granted to their more fortunate fellow-citizens.

There is one special advantage in being an absolute and irreclaimable vagabond and villain. It is this. Such a character generally secures a public execution—but this is not the point, merely a step in arriving at it—and a public execution not only at the moment, but in anticipation, obtains for him who is so distinguished not alone a wide-spread and lasting fame, but, what is equally dear to most men, awakens for him the warmest sympathies and commiserations of the softer sex, and touches even "man's obdurate heart." Stern editors also, whose politics and criticism might be supposed to have rendered callous to every thing which rouses the gentler emotions, are melted in a case like this. An illustration is before us. Mina, who sought the United States as a theatre for his crimes, and is now about to expiate his atrocities on the gallows, is already fast approaching this enviable station in the public regard. The *Dorchester* paper heads the announcement of his richly merited sentence with the pathetic words—*"THE ILL-FATED MINA."*

Palce et decorum est pro patria mori.

The Fashions.—There being no specific *Journal des Modes* in the city, it is perhaps the duty of all publishers to notify their distant readers when any thing striking in costume is brought forward. We therefore announce that the *ton* just now is distinguished by pantaloons of light check, and other similar stuffs—having a black sash, or list along the seams from the ankle to the hip. A piece of black tape or ribbon, about an inch wide, stitched on in the right place, may be used as a substitute, when necessary. The fashion, it should also be stated, meets the approval of the "gentlemen of colour," by whom, as well as others, it is extensively adopted.

Take courage. To aid, as we suppose, in removing the impediments which obstruct the progress of bachelors to the regions of double blessedness, a Philadelphia Editor surmounts his hymeneal record with the cheering motto:

"Marriage is honourable in all."

LITHOGRAPHIC COPYING.—We saw yesterday some fine specimens of lithographic printing, executed in this town, at the lithographic establishment of Colonel Peabody and Mr. Dixon, by an entirely new process, and we are informed by the inventors that it was the result of a number of experiments made by them for the purpose of ascertaining the reality of the security afforded to our moneyed institutions by Perkins's stereotype plates. The conclusion is, that they afford not the slightest protection against counterfeiters, as it has been repeatedly demonstrated that a perfect facsimile can be transferred from any bank bill in the short space of half an hour, and when the transfer is once made, any number of copies can be taken.

The specimens of printing now before us, transferred by the new process, are so perfect, that as we compare them with the originals, we can perceive little or no difference, although the originals are perfectly dry, and were printed in the usual manner. We are aware that transfers are frequently made in common lithography, but it is only from recent prints, and with a peculiar ink. But in the mode invented by our townsmen, it is of no consequence how old the printing may be.

According to the representations made to us, which appear to be borne out by facts, this appears a valuable acquisition to the arts. Printed despatches, received by mail or from foreign places, can be distributed by this process, without regard to size, form of type, or language, in less than an hour. Books also which have many plates, it is stated to us, can be reprinted at an expense much below the present cost. We are assured that the invention is to be given to the public, as soon as the Banks can be made secure by the adoption of a method of which Col. Peabody and Mr. Dixon are the patentees, which will put their notes beyond the power of lithography to counterfeit. —*Salem Gaz.*

Pluralist Bishops.—The following list of these Right Rev. Prelates, who are also prebendaries of the "golden stalls" in Durham Cathedral, may not be altogether uninteresting at this time. Three specimens of Prebendaries who (though not Bishops) are still great pluralists, are added:—

1. The Bishop of St. David's, Dean of Durham, £12,000 per annum.
2. The Bishop of Exeter, Prebendary of Durham.
3. The Bishop of Bristol, Prebendary of Durham.
4. The Bishop of Chester, Prebendary of Durham.
5. The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wellesley, Prebendary of Durham; Rector of Bishop Wearmouth, Durham; Rector of Reed-end, Herts; late Rector of Chelsea, and Chaplain of Hampton-Court.
6. Rev. Charles Thorp—1. Prebendary of Durham; 2. Prebendary of Brecon; 3. Archdeacon of Durham; 4. Rector of Ryton, Durham; 5. Rector of Easington, Durham; 6. Chaplain to the Bishop of Durham; 7. Principal Warden to the Durham University; and 8. Trustee of Lord Crewe's Charity, with a house at Bamborough!
7. Rev. W. S. Gilly, Prebendary of Durham, Vicar of Norham, near Berwick; Perpetual Curate of Crossgate, Durham.—*Lond. Times.*

An Inducement.—The following notice is posted on the south door of the parish church of St. Nicholas, Liverpool:—"Marriages.—Double fees are not taken for marriages during Lent."—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

THE LITTLE FACTORY GIRL TO A MORE FORTUNATE PLAY-MATE.

Recent attempts in the British Parliament to afford the children in the manufacturing local protection from severity and overworking, have probably excited this poetic appeal in their favour:

I often think how once we used in summer fields to play,
And run about and breathe the air that makes us glad and gay;
We used to gather buttercups, and chase the butterfly—
I loved to feel the light breeze fill my hair as it went by!

Do you still play in those bright fields? and are the flowers still there?

There are no fields where I live now—no flowers any where!
But day by day I go and turn a dull and tedious wheel,
You cannot think how sad and tired, and faint I often feel.

Cherry-blossom to scratch the mud for neither can supply,
Then look I hasten to the task—that set to late I try,
At night my mother kisses me, when she has counted my hair,
And bid me in my little bed, "be—be—and sleep there!"

I dream about the factory, the noise that on me waits—
I start and ask my father—don't leave me late!
And when I heard him say, "Oh, better were a grave,
Than such a life as this for thee, then into endless slaves!"

I wonder if I ever shall dream a holiday?
Oh, if I do, I'll go to play, and spend it all in play!
And when I dream a day I leave home, I'll give me some
And at my work I'll think of these and holidays to come!

GUERRILLA WARFARE.

The third volume of Southey's "History of the Peninsular War" contains an interesting notice of the commencement of this mode of waging war in Spain, and furnishes at the same time much other attractive reading, from which we proceed to quote for the gratification of our readers:—

It was in 1810 that the guerilla warfare, first commenced by Don Juan Martin Diaz, the famous Empecinado, was organized and became a national system. Dr. Southey's details afford ample food for extract as specimens of his performance.

These parties began to be formed immediately after Bonaparte swept the land before him to Madrid, and from that time they continued to increase in numbers and activity as the regular armies declined in reputation and in strength. The enemy made a great effort to put them down after the battle of Ocaña, and boasted of having completely succeeded, because the guerillas disappeared before them, dispersing whenever they were in danger of being attacked by a superior force. There was nothing in their dress to distinguish them from the peasantry; every one was ready to give them intelligence or shelter; they knew the country perfectly; each man shifted for himself in time of need; and when they re-assembled at the appointed rallying place, so far were they from being dispirited by the dispersion, that the ease with which they had eluded the enemy became a new source of confidence. They became more numerous and more enterprising after it had been seen how little loss they sustained, when, for a time, the intrusive government made it its chief object to exterminate them; their resources as well as their exploits, were detailed both in the official and provincial gazettes; and the leaders became known in all parts, not of Spain only, but of Europe, by their own names, or the popular appellations which had been given them indicative of their former profession or personal appearance. El Manco, the man with the maimed arm, commanded one band; the old Man of Serena another. There was el Fraile, the Friar; el Cura, the Priest; el Molinero, the Miller; el Cantarero, the Butcher; el Cocinero, the Cook; el Pastor, the Shepherd; el Abadejo, the Grandfather. One chief was called el Carbonero, from the fashion of his waistcoat; he won for himself a better reputation than might have been expected from such an appellation; another obtained the name of Chualingo, from his slouched hat. Names of worse import appear among them; there was the Malhada, the Bad Soul, de Albor, and the Ladron, the Robber, de Lombard. A large portion of the men who engaged under these leaders were soldiers who escaped in some of the miserable defeats to which the rashness of the government and the incapacity of their generals had exposed them; or who had deserted from the regular army to this more inviting service. Stragglers also, a numerous and formidable class of men, now that their old occupation was destroyed, took to the guerilla life, and brought to it the requisites of local knowledge, hardiness, and audacity, and the quick sense of sight and hearing which they had acquired in carrying on their dangerous trade by night. But the greater number were men who, if circumstances had permitted, would have passed their life usefully and contentedly in the humble stations to which they were born; labourers, whom there were none now to employ; retainers, who partook the ruin of the great families to which they and their ancestors had been attached;—owners or occupiers of land, whose fields had been laid waste, and whose olive-yards destroyed; and the whole class of provincial tradesmen, whose means of subsistence were cut off, happy if they had only their own ruin and their country's quarrel to revenge, and not those deep-seated injuries of which dreadful cases were continually occurring wherever the enemy were masters. Monks, also, and friars, frocked and tufted, were among them; wherever the convents were suppressed, and their members forbidden to wear the habit on pain of death, which was done in all the provinces that the French overran, the young took to arms, the old emulated themselves in keeping up the spirits of the people; and the intrusive government paid dearly for the church property, when those who had been previously supported by it exchanged a life of idleness for one of active exertion in the national cause, some to preach a crusade against the invaders, others to serve in it.

These, whom oppression had driven out from the cloister, were not the only religionists who took arms. Not a few in the parts of the country which were still free took the opportunity, precious to them, of escaping from the servitude to which they were bound, disgusted with the follies of their profession, sick of its impostures, or impatient of its restraints. Public opinion encouraged them in this course; the multitude ascribing their conduct to a religious zeal for their country, while those who wished for the reformation of the abuses which had prepared the way for all this evil, were glad to see this disposition manifest itself in a class of men whom they justly regarded as one of the pests of Spain. The general of the Franciscans applied to Mendizabal to deliver up a friar who had enlisted in his army; but the application was so little in accord with the spirit of the times, that Mendizabal's answer was read with universal approbation by the Spaniards. "The head of the Franciscans," said that commander, "must have forgotten what Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros did when he commanded the army which took Oran. If that prelate in those days thought of nothing but destroying the Koran, and substituting the Gospel in its stead, what would he do now, when the religion of our fathers and our mother country is in danger? I have taken a lesson from his eminency. Let the present head of the order send me a list of all the brethren capable of bearing arms, not forgetting himself, if he is fit for service, and we will march together and free our religion and our country. Inspire then your friars, that they may be agents in this noble work, putting away all kind of sloth; and let no other cry be heard than that of 'War against the tyrant, freedom for our religion, our country, and our beloved Ferdinand!'" While this course was taken by the monks and friars, it is related of the nuns in the subjected parts of the country, that they passed the nights in praying for the success and deliverance of their countrymen, and the days in preparing medicines and bandages for the sick and wounded French.

Among other instances of heroic virtue it is recorded:—

Lorenza Teyxeyro, an inhabitant of Granada, who had performed the dangerous service of communicating intelligence to the nearest Spanish general, was discovered, and might have saved his life if he would have named the persons through whom the communication was carried on; but he was true to them, as he had been to his country, and suffered death contentedly. The other was attended with more tragic circumstances. Captain Vicente Moreno, who was serving with the mountaineers of Ronda, was made prisoner, carried to Granada, and there had the alternative proposed to him of suffering by the hangman, or entering into the intruder's service. He declined showed much solicitude to prevail upon this officer, having, it may be believed, some feeling of humanity, if not some foreboding of the approbation which such acts of wickedness draw after them in this world, and of the account which is to be rendered for them in the next. Moreno's wife and four children were, therefore, by the general's orders, brought to him when he was upon the scaffold, to see if their entreaties would shake his resolution; but Moreno, with the courage of a martyr, bade her withdraw, and bade her sons to remember the example which he was about to give them, and to serve their country, as he had done, honourably and dutifully to the last. This murder provoked a public retaliation which the Spaniards seldom exercised, but, when they did, upon a tremendous scale. Gonzalez, who was member in the Cortes for Jaen, had served with Moreno, and loved him as such a man deserved to be loved; and by his orders seventy French prisoners were put to death at Marbella. So wicked a system as that which Bonaparte's generals unrelentingly pursued could nowhere have been exercised with so little prospect of success, and such sure effect of calling forth a dreadful vengeance, as among the Spaniards. Against such enemies they considered all means lawful; this was the feeling not here alone, but throughout the body of the nation; the treacherous compromise of the war on the part of the French, and the systematic cruelty with which it had been carried on, discharged them, they thought, from all observances of good faith or humanity towards them; and upon this principle they acted to its full extent. The labourer at his work in the fields or gardens had a musket concealed at hand, with which to mark the Frenchman whom ill fortune might bring within his reach. Boys, too young to be suspected of any treachery, would lead a party of the invaders into some fatal ambushade; women were stationed to give the signal for beginning the slaughter, and that signal was sometimes the hymn to the Virgin! Not fewer than 8000 French are said to have been cut off in the mountains of Ronda. There, however, it was more properly a national than a guerilla warfare; the work of destruction being carried on less by roving parties than by the settled inhabitants, who watched for every opportunity of vengeance.

In La Mancha—"One adventurer raised himself to respectability and rank by his services, though known by the unpromising appellation of El Chaleco. Francisco Alad Moreno was his name. He began his career as a common soldier, and escaping from some rout, joined company with two fugitives of his own regiment, and began war upon his own account. Their first exploit was to kill an enemy's courier and his escort; and shortly afterwards, having added two recruits to his number, he prestated to the Marquis of Villafraanca at Murcia, five carts laden with tobacco,

co, quicksilver, and plate, which he had taken from the French, and the ears of thirteen Frenchmen who had fallen by their hands! His party increased as his name became known; and he cut off great numbers of the enemy, sometimes in Murcia, sometimes in La Mancha, intercepting their convoys and detachments. Shewing as little mercy as he looked for, and expecting as little as he shewed, he faced with desperate or ferocious courage the danger from which there was no escape by flight, swimming rivers when swollen by rain, or employing any means that might give him the victory. On one occasion he broke a troop of the French by discharging a blunderbuss loaded with five-and-thirty bullets; it brought down nine of the enemy, according to his own account, and he received so severe a contusion on the shoulder from the recoil, that it entirely disabled him for a time; but the party was kept together under his second in command, Juan de Bacas, and its reputation enhanced by greater exploits."

AN AMERICAN VESSEL.

We put ourselves to some inconvenience to be able to lay before our readers the annexed beautiful and complimentary notice of the naval architecture of this country, by the author of "Adventures of a Younger Son."—

"The first vessel we fell in with was a schooner, which, after a long chase, we made out to be an American. As soon as she discovered we were French, she gave to. She was a beautiful vessel, long, low in the water, with lofty raking masts, which tapered away till they were almost too fine to be distinguished, and the swallow-tailed vanes above fluttered like fire-flies. The starboard flag waved over her tail. As she filled and heeled on a wind, to cross under our stern, with a fresh breeze to which she gently heeled, I thought there was nothing so beautiful as the arrowy sharpness of her bow, and the gradually receding fineness of her quarters. She looked and moved like an Arab horse in the desert, and was as obedient to command. There was a lightness and bird-like buoyancy about her, that exclusively belongs to this class of vessels. America has the merit of having perfected this nautical wonder, as far surpassing all other vessels in exquisite proportion and beauty, as the gazelle exceeds all animated nature. Even to this day no other country has succeeded in either the building or the working of these vessels in comparison with America!"

AN EVENING SCENE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

This rich and poetic sketch we take from the "Adventures of a Younger Son." It is a pity that, as in this case, the most beautiful passages should frequently be found in close connexion with refuse.—

"Madagascar is one of the largest and most fertile islands in the world; nearly nine hundred miles in length, and three hundred and fifty in its greatest breadth. There is a chain of glorious mountains, winding through its entire length, of varied height, whence many large and navigable rivers take their source. The interior of this vast island, and its inhabitants, are little known; but these parts on the coast which, at that time, and afterward, I have frequently visited, give abundant indications that Nature has here scattered her riches with no stinting hand. Nothing seems wanting but knowledge to place this magnificent island in the foremost rank of great and powerful empires. When I was there the line distinguishing the man from the animal was hardly visible.

The evening was singularly beautiful, the sea calm and clear as a mirror, and our crew sinking into rest, outworn by the unwanted toil of this busy day. De Ruyter was in the cabin; I was keeping the watch, and Aton bore me company. He lay along the raised stern, and I leant over the tailrail, gazing on the land. The forms in the distant range of mountains were growing dark and indistinct. The transparent, glossy, and deep blue of the sea faded into a dusky olive, subdivided by an infinity of mazy, glimmering bars, as if embroidered with diamond beads, traced by the varied wandering airs; and sporting like the lion's whelps on their mother's quiet bosom; while he, their mighty parent, lay hushed within his lair, the caverned shore, torpid from toil and devastation. Over the land the glowing sun hastened to his cool sea couch; his expiring rays stained the lucid sky with bright, fading colours—deep ruby tints changing to purple; then emerald green, barred and streaked with azure, white, and yellow; and as the sun was dipping, the whole firmament was died in crimson, and blazed; then left the western sky brighter than molten gold, till the sun's last rays were extinguished. When the moon came forth with her silvery, gleaming light, all the gray colours faded, leaving a few fleecy and dappled specks, like lambs grazing on the hills in heaven. The change was like life in youth and beauty suddenly extinguished; white and misty death, with his pallid winding-sheet, enveloped all around. As the grab's stern swung round, and as my eye caught our companion, the corvette, her black hull and white wings alone broke the line of the moonlit horizon, like a sea-sprite reposing on the boundless waters. Enrapt in our contemplation of the wonderful beauty of an eastern night, we remained hours in silence; and after the turmoil of the

day, this stillness had a preternatural or magic effect on the mind, more soothing than sleep. The helmsman, in his sleep, from habit, called out—'Steady! steady!' and even the customary forms of changing the watches had been neglected; while the sentinels, unconscious that their time of duty was expired, dozed on their posts of guard over their prisoners; and the balm of sleep medicined the wounded, and made free the captive, who perhaps, dreaming of hunting on his native mountains, or fondling with his young barbarian, or their mother, was destined to awake, fettered, and bound with fostering manacles, chained, like a wild beast, in the worst of dungeons, under the sea, in a ship's hold, doomed to death or slavery."

A DUEL BY TORCHLIGHT.

From *Memoirs of the Duchess d'Angoulême*.

"Among the generals who had placed themselves in absolutely hostile opposition to the general-in-chief, Lanusse, the brother of him who lately commanded at Besancon, was one of the most fiery. One day, an expression so horrible, and at the same time so alarming for the safety of the army, was reported to Junot, that from that moment the favourable prepossessions with which the bravery of Lanusse had inspired him were utterly destroyed. 'I came to hate him, at last,' said Junot to me, when relating the circumstances of their quarrel. Amicable appearances were nevertheless kept up, but their hearts were estranged. One day Murat, wishing to reconcile the two generals, invited them to dine with him, together with Lannes, Bessieres, and I believe Lavalette, who was then aide-de-camp to the general-in-chief.

Dinner passed off agreeably, and the party afterward fell to play. During a game at *quillote*, the conversation turned on a military operation which the army was about to make, when Lanusse suffered a strategic smile to escape him; it exasperated Junot. Bessieres, who sat next to him, kept him quiet for a few moments. Lanusse, misinterpreting the tranquillity which prevailed around him, continued talking about the state of the army in very indecorous terms. In the midst of his strictures, he stopped short, and addressing Junot, 'Junot,' said he, 'lend me ten louis! I am bankrupt.'—'I have no money before me,' replied Junot dryly. 'As he had a heap of gold before him, Lanusse, eying him steadfastly, rejoined, 'How am I to take your answer, Junot?'—'Just as you please.'—'I asked you to lend me ten of the louis that are lying before you.'—'And I answer, that if there is money lying before me, there is none for a traitor like you.'—'None but a scoundrel could use such an expression,' cried Lanusse, beside himself with rage.

In a moment all were on their legs. 'Junot! Lanusse!' cried they, endeavouring to soothe them. At the epithet employed by Lanusse, Junot had become furious. All at once he appeared calm. 'Hearken, Lanusse,' said he, in a voice the mildness of which formed a strange contrast with his choleric trembling. 'hearken to me; I called you a traitor; I don't think you are so. You called me a scoundrel; you don't think me one; for we are both brave fellows. But look you, we must fight; one of us must die. I have you; you hate the man whom I love and adore. We must fight, and that immediately. I swear that before I go to bed to-night this affair shall be settled.'

All the witnesses of the scene were sensible that such words as had been exchanged demanded blood, and even life. But, what was to be done? The general had proscribed duels; he would not law any in his army. If the affair were to be deferred till the next day, he would know of it, and then it would be impossible to settle it. Murat's garden was spacious; it sloped down to the Nile. Torches were lighted, and there they might fight that very instant. It was nine o'clock, and quite dark.

'What weapon shall we take?' said Junot. 'A pretty question!' said Lanusse. 'Pistols to be sure. Every one looked at him in astonishment.—He had been insulted; according to the laws of duelling he had a right to choose the weapons that should be employed. All were therefore surprised that he should prefer one which, in Junot's hand, was sure to prove fatal. It is well known that he was the most expert marksman with the pistol, not only in France, but in Europe. At twenty-four paces he never missed an ace, and could always cut the ball in two, and that exactly in the middle, against the blade of a knife. 'I will not fight you with pistols,' said he coolly to Lanusse; 'you are no marksman, you would not hit a barn-door. We ought to fight upon equal terms. We have our swords; let us go.'

Bessieres, who was Junot's second along with Murat, whispered to him that he was a foolish fellow, as Lanusse was a capital swordsman, and he might perhaps stand no chance with him. 'Consider too,' said Murat, 'that it is for life or death.' Junot would not listen to anything. They proceeded to the garden, and by the way Lanusse, again raised his voice, and employed some very offensive expressions with reference to Junot and the general-in-chief. 'Lanusse,' said Junot, 'you are acting now like a man without heart, and yet you are a brave man: one would suppose you were trying to screw up your courage.'

* They had previously been intimate, and I know that Lanusse had even laid my husband under obligation, to take pleasure in acknowledging this.

† Lanusse was remarkable for bravery, and one of the most distinguished officers of the army of Egypt.

age. Lanusse replied with a volley of abuses. Lanusse silenced him. "Come along, Lanusse," in that energetic manner with which he adorned all he said; for at this period and even much later, I never heard him speak two words but the third was an oath. "Come along, . . . hold your tongue . . . You are going to cut one another's throats—what the devil would you have more? All that you say to him now is positively thrown away."

When they were on the ground, the seconds examined it, and they had a good mind not to suffer the affair to take place on that spot. The Nile, after its periodical inundation, had left inequalities which were enough to trip a person up at every step. "If it were but day-light!" said Murat. "But you cannot fight here." "Come on!" said Junot, "this is children's play." Pulling off his coat, he drew his sword, and Lanusse did the same.

Junot was a good fencer. He was nimble, brave, and perfectly cool; but, wishing to finish the affair, and taking his opportunity, he made a stroke at Lanusse, which cut the crown of his hat and spent itself on his cheek. Had he been without his hat he must have been killed. Taking advantage of the movement which had left Junot exposed, he gave him a back-handed cut, which laid open the abdomen, and made a wound, the scar from which was more than eight inches long. Junot was removed with great difficulty. The nature of the wound was most serious in a country where inflammation of the intestines is the chief thing to be dreaded. But he was surrounded by persons whose talents and friendship quickly alleviated his alarming situation.

The general-in-chief was furious the next morning, when Desgenettes, at Junot's desire, informed him of the occurrence. "What?" cried he, "are they determined to cut each other's throats? Must they go into the midst of the reeds of the Nile, to dispute it with the crocodiles, and leave behind for them the body of the one that shall have fallen? Have they not enough then with the Arabs, the plague, and the Mamelukes? You deserve, Monsieur Junot," said he, as though his old ad-de-camp had been present, "you richly deserve falling under arrest for a month when you get well." Such were the very words of Bonaparte. He went to see Junot a considerable time after the affair, that is to say, when Junot was almost convalescent, for, at first, Napoleon would not see him, saying, that he was unworthy to see Lanusse. However, the very next day, when apprized of the result and causes of the clash, he exclaimed: "My poor Junot—wounded for me! But then, the idiot! why did not he fight with pistols?"

DUBLING.—The N. Y. Gazette relates this anecdote. "When Judge Thacher was, many years ago, member of Congress from Massachusetts, he was challenged to a duel, by Mr. Blount, member from North Carolina, for words spoken in debate. The Judge, on reading the message from Blount, after adjusting his wig and revolutionary hat, said to the bearer—"Give my respectful compliments to your master, and tell him he cannot have a definite answer to his note today. Let him be patient a short time, till I can write to Portland, and receive an answer. I always consult my wife, on matters of importance, well knowing that she is a better Judge of family affairs, than myself. If she consents to take the choice of becoming a widow, or having her husband hanged for murder, I certainly will fight Mr. Blount. Tell him not to be in a hurry; it will not take more than three weeks to receive her election."

MR. KNOWLES' NEW PLAY.

On Thursday night a gentleman of general and high esteem in the literary world, more especially as the author of *Virginians*, burst forth upon the public at once in the combined character of a successful author and an artist of matured judgment and power. In common with a very crowded audience at this house, we had, on this occasion, the pleasure of witnessing the performance of Mr. Sheridan Knowles' drama of *The Hunchback*, and his own participation therein. We shall endeavour to give a brief account of the plot of this piece, without being in any respect feeble, is rather complicated. Its scene lies in England, about the days of Charles the Second. A singular character, named *Master Walter*, who is remarkable exteriorly for a hunch back and other personal deformities, having entered a tavern-room to announce to a young, poor, and dissipated man his succession to the Earldom of Rochdale, to whose late holder he (*Walter*) had been confidential agent, is insulted by one of the degraded companions of the new Peer. A scuffle is about to ensue—swords are drawn, and his death promises to be the termination of the duel—when he is forcibly withheld from indulging his anger by Sir T. Clifford, a gallant young Baronet, who eventually terminates the affair by compelling the retreat of the offending party. *Master Walter*, whose character appears a mixture of passionate impetuosity, sagacity, and determination, strongly tinged with susceptibility of contempt on the score of his bodily defects, feels all his obligation to his preserver, whom he determines to reward by enabling him to gain the heart of a lovely girl, of whom he is guardian. Clifford is accordingly introduced to *Julia* (Miss Kemble), whom he finds beautiful and accomplished as angelic mortal can be, and imbued, moreover, with all the modest and amiable simplicity, derived from a country education. She had been bred up in those feelings, conformably to the will of her father, and accordingly,

notwithstanding the representations of a witty cousin who attends her (Miss Taylor), detests the very name of town. Clifford and she become passionately enamoured of each other, and their marriage is settled on, just as pressing matters of business compel *Walter* to take them to the metropolis. Here a revolution is worked in *Julia's* temper and fate. She gradually falls into the follies and excesses of fashionable life, until her very love is perverted, and she avows that the pleasure of having Clifford's title, and his money to spend, are the chief advantages which their union promises. He hears this—resents it with the sad anger of a lover—and declares that, although he shall observe his promise, the day of their union shall be the commencement of her widowhood. Offended pride overcomes her better feelings, and she determines to reject the hand so proffered, and to accept that of the young Lord Rochdale, which, without any accompanying heart, and merely after the way of the *beau monde*, is offered to her. In the mean time *Walter*, who had been absent while matters took this untoward turn, learning all that had passed, is indignant with Clifford for his rash declaration, and with *Julia* for her conduct. At this moment Clifford, by a sudden reverse of fortune, is deprived of a title and estates, the true heir to which had been falsely reported to be dead. *Walter* hurries *Julia* to the completion of her nuptials with the young Lord; but from the moment that she has agreed to consummate such a union, had she felt how falsely she had played with her own heart. The indignant and obdurate guardian, however, would give her no reprieve. He hurries her to the country residence of Rochdale, that her splendid sacrifice may be effected. Here we behold her completely abandoned to the struggles of a heart tortured with the full return of her old love, and a sense of her own misconduct, remorse, and despair, in the midst of which she is shocked by an interview with the secretary of Lord Rochdale, who happens to be no other than the fallen Clifford. Pride and passion contend for mastery in her breast—first one, and then the other, prevailing—until at length she throws herself into her lover's arms, and agrees to escape with him, if possible, before the day of her marriage. At this moment the *Hunchback* appears, defeats her intention, and Clifford is compelled to retire. This rigid guardian, however, now seems somewhat to relent. He feelingly recapitulates to *Julia* all his past tenderness and care for her—impressively reviews her erroneous actions, which had disappointed all his hopes—urges her to fulfil her promise to the Earl, if only for honour's sake—but finally, touched by the marble paleness of her cheek, and the expression of utter wretchedness in her look, reminds her that she has a father, to whom she shall be introduced for the first time at her interview with Rochdale, and upon whom she may depend for a rescue from the union she dreaded, if such an event were possible. In fine, the scene with Rochdale arrives—he declares his determination to take *Julia's* hand, notwithstanding the total loss of her affection—and the fair martyr is about to put the seal on her woes, when *Master Walter* reveals himself as the true Earl of Rochdale, and the affectionate father of her heroine. He had not intended her marriage with the supposed Noble, but to put her through a severe trial, which should eradicate an error of conduct into which she had so unhappily fallen. He succeeds in his aim, and Clifford and *Julia* are united. There is a light and amusing episode between *Julia's* merry cousin and a male cousin, who loves the lady, but whom she is compelled to instruct in the secret of his own heart by all the little artifices of which she is mistress, and which fully answer the end intended. We have neither time nor space to enter into a minute critique upon the construction of this drama. We can only say of it, generally, that each of its characters—and they are not too many—are drawn with great vigour and truth; there is a natural continuity in its action, to which the complexity of its parts are perfectly subservient, and copiously tributary in interest. Its development of the feelings on which its interest turns is most minute and true to Nature in some of her most delicate and complicated workings. The language was excellent, and the composition throughout of unflagging spirit, occasionally mingled with highly poetic passages. It was remarkably well performed. And first of Mr. Knowles, as a stranger. We have heard that he is not altogether a stranger to the boards. He has been, at all events, for a considerable period, and altogether, in the Metropolis. He had a most difficult part to make his debut in—a sort of amiable *Richard the Third*; and we must confess that, to our astonishment, he went through his arduous undertaking with a degree of success, combining a seeming familiarity with stage tact, and perfect self-possession, which could not be surpassed by any older brother of the buskin. Vigour, discrimination, and spirit, with considerable originality, characterized his entire performance, which, in many instances, displayed most masterly point. He reminded us strongly of Keats, with less mannerism, and not a particle of palpable imitation. Indeed, we can scarcely think the part of *Master Walter* could have been in better hands. There was a little provinciality in Mr. Knowles' tones, which was, however, but little felt, from being accompanied by a correct grammatical accent, its most effective antidote. We should say there was too much exertion in his performance throughout the night—a want of occasional repose and contrast. Miss Kemble was admirable in *Julia*, which certainly is one of her most pleasing characters. We were as much struck with the naive sprightliness and elegance of her comedy, at the commencement of the piece, as

with her more tragic deportment afterwards. Mr. C. Kemble was also admirable in Clifford. At the fall of the curtain the applause was loud and ardent, and the following scene occurred:—A general call being made for Knowles, C. Kemble led him forward, obviously with no very good will, and as certainly with no very good grace. He was confused by the novelty of his situation, and whispering Kemble, he said, that "conscious as he was, of his own unworthiness, he presumed that the audience were applauding their own kindness." This Irishism was well received, and, again whispering Kemble, Knowles continued—"Mr. Kemble has desired me to say, that this play will be repeated on Saturday, and that Miss Kemble's tragedy will be acted on Monday." Kemble audibly intimated his dissent from this statement, and Knowles, shaking him heartily by the hand, and in considerable agitation, advancing to the foot lights, added with emphasis—"Ladies and gentlemen, allow my feelings of gratitude on this occasion to triumph, and do not listen to my friend Mr. Kemble; his daughter's tragedy ought to be acted on Monday." Much applause and confusion followed, in the midst of which Knowles retired, leaving Kemble in possession of the house (as they say elsewhere) which he bespoke in these terms—"It is but common justice to Mr. Knowles to give out that this play will be repeated every evening until further notice." The cheers, waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and other demonstrations of satisfaction, were as enthusiastic as they were general. The house was crowded to suffocation.—*London Paper.*

RESTORATION OF FERDINAND.

May, 1-11—"If Ferdinand had now performed the promises which were distinctly made in his declaration, he might have averted much, if not all, of the subsequent danger which he incurred, and the just reproaches which will be attached to his name in history. It ought not to be said that in making these promises he had no intention of fulfilling them; for though he scrupled at no dissimulation when under duress, they were voluntary in this case, and the temper of the nation, then unequivocally declared, was such, that no purpose was to be gained by it. Ferdinand was a person of narrow mind, and his heart seems to have been incapable of generous feeling; but he was not a wicked man; nor would he have been a bad king, if he had met with wise ministers, and had ruled over an enlightened people. On the two important subjects of civil and religious freedom, he and the great body of the nation were in perfect sympathy—both, upon both subjects, imbued with error to the core; and the popular feeling in both cases outran his. The word Liberty (*Libertad*) appeared in large bronze letters over the entrance of the Hall of the Cortes in Madrid. The people, of their own impulse, hurried thither to remove it: they set up ladders, forced out letter by letter from the stone, and as each was thrown into the street, the spectators renewed their shouts of exultation. They collected as many of the journals of the Cortes, and of the papers and pamphlets of the *Liberales*, as could be got together; formed a procession in which the religious fraternities, and the clergy regular and secular, took the lead; piled up these papers in one of the public squares, and sacrificed them there as a political *auto-da-fe*, after which high mass was performed and *Te Deum* sung, as a thanksgiving for their triumph. The Stone of the Constitution, as it was called, was every where removed, and replaced as it had been at Valencia. The people at Seville deposed all the existing authorities, elected others in their stead to all the offices which had existed under the old system, and then required those authorities to re-establish the Inquisition. In re-establishing that accursed tribunal by a formal act of government, in suppressing the freedom of the press, which had been abused to its own destruction, and in continuing to govern not merely as an absolute monarch, but as a despotic one, Ferdinand undoubtedly complied with the wishes of the Spanish nation. He did these things conformably to his own misguided conscience and weak judgment, as well as to his inclinations; and for so doing he was, by the voice of the people, a patriotic and popular king. In all this he cannot justly be charged with any thing worse than error of judgment; fearfully injurious indeed in its consequences, but in the individual to be pitied as well as pardoned. But, in his treatment of the more conspicuous persons among the *Liberales*, whom he condemned to strict and long imprisonment, many of them for life, he brought upon himself an indelible reproach, and incurred the guilt of individual sin. Quintana, who, more than any other person, contributed by his eloquent writings to excite and sustain the national spirit, and awaken the sympathy of other nations, was one of the victims thus sentenced; and his life is said to have been not the only one which was shortened by severe confinement."—*Dr. Southey.*

TERMINATION OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

"In Gascony, as well as in Portugal and Spain, the Duke of Wellington's name was blessed by the people. Seldom, indeed, has it fallen to any conqueror to look back upon his career with such feelings! The marshal's staff, the dukedom, the honours and rewards which his prince and his country so munificently and properly bestowed, were neither the only nor the most valuable recompense of his labours. There was something more precious than these, more to be desired than the high and enduring fame which he had secured by his military achievements—the satisfaction of thinking to what end those achievements had been directed; that they were for the deliverance of two most injured

and grievously oppressed nations;—for the safety, honour, and welfare of his own country;—and for the general interests of Europe and of the civilized world. His campaigns were sanctified by the cause;—they were sullied by no cruelties, no crimes; the chariot-wheels of his triumphs have been followed by no curses;—his laurels are entwined with the amaranths of righteousness, and upon his death-bed he might remember his victories among his good works. This is the great and inappreciable glory of England in this portion of its history, that its war in the Peninsula was in as strict conformity with the highest principles of justice as with sound state policy. No views of aggrandisement were entertained either at its commencement or during its course, or at its termination; conquests were not looked for, commercial privileges were not required. It was a defensive, a necessary, a retributive war; engaged in as the best means of obtaining security for ourselves, but having also for its immediate object 'to loose the bands of wickedness, and to break the yoke of oppression, and 'to let the oppressed go free.' And this great deliverance was brought about by England, with God's blessing on a righteous cause. If France has not since that happy event continued to rest under a mild and constitutional monarchy,—if Spain has relapsed into the abuses of an absolute one,—if the Portuguese have not supported that character which they recovered during the contest,—it has been because in all these instances there were national errors which retained their old possession, and national sins which were not repented of. But the fruits of this war will not be lost upon posterity; for in its course it has been seen that the most formidable military power which ever existed in the civilized world was overthrown by resolute perseverance in a just cause; it has been seen also that national independence depends upon national spirit—but that even that spirit in its highest and heroic degree may fail—if wisdom to direct it be wanting."

These lessons have never been more memorably exemplified than in the Peninsular War; and for her own peculiar lesson, England, it may be hoped, has learned to have ever from thenceforth a just reliance, under Providence, upon her resources and her strength.—under Providence, I say, for if that support be disregarded, all other will be found to fail. My task is ended here; and if in the course of this long and faithful history it should seem that I have any where ceased to bear the ways of Providence in mind, or to have admitted a feeling, or given utterance to a thought inconsistent with glory to God in the highest, and good-will towards men, let the benevolent reader impute it to that inadvertence or inaccuracy of expression from which no diligence, however watchful, can always be secure; and as such let him forgive what, if I were conscious of it, I should not easily forgive in myself. *Laus Deo!*—*ib.*

The Unknown Tongues.—We make the following abridgement from a London paper:

Yesterday (May 21) a crowded meeting of the Presbytery took place in the Scotch Church, London wall—the Moderator (the Rev. Mr. Brown) in the Chair—to take into consideration the case of the Rev. Edward Irving. The Rev. gentleman having been heard at great length in his defence, the meeting adjourned for a few hours. On its re-assembling, the Moderator addressed the Court. He said the Rev. gentleman was a sincere man, but he considered him labouring under a strong and mournful delusion—that his amiable character was dragging hundreds from the path of truth. Was it to be said that three or four women, because Mr. Irving said they spoke of the Holy Ghost, should overturn the whole system of discipline? The idea was vain, monstrous, and abominable. Truth was the same at the commencement of the Christian era, and remained so in 1832. It was a delusion of the worst kind—the delusion of Satan—and the defendant had violated his trust deed by allowing the service to be disturbed. The Moderator read the sentence:—It stated the grounds of complaint on the part of the Trustees, and that though Mr. Irving had been expelled the Presbytery before on his heresy concerning the doctrine of the Human Nature of Christ, the Presbytery had proceeded no further then; but now having heard the complaint as well as Mr. Irving in defence, the Presbytery had come to the conclusion that, by allowing the exercise of alleged supernatural gifts in the Church, he had rendered himself unfit longer to be the Minister of the Scotch Church, and that the usual process should be taken to enforce the decision. The sentence was unanimously adopted.

The King and the Lane.—Byers, the informer, lately came before the magistrates at Queen Square with two carts he had seized which belonged to the King, and were used at the Stationary Office. Byers read the inscription on the carts—"His Majesty's Stationary Office, James Street, Buckingham-gate, Westminster." &c. This was not in compliance with the act, and he therefore seized them both. "I," said Byers, "go by the act of Parliament, which is very clear on the point. It says, that no person, within five miles of London, shall drive any cart, wagon, &c. without the christian and surname of the owner be painted thereon, and in this case we have nothing of the kind." Mr. Marriott—"It is the established law of the land, that the King does not come within the meaning of any statute, unless specially named." Byers—"But, your worship, I charge the drivers with the offence, and not his Majesty. The words of the act are, 'If any person shall drive any cart, &c. without the christian and surname of the owner, he shall

be liable to the penalty." After a brief consultation the magistrate refused to convict either the King or his drivers.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 7th, Samuel W. Moore, merchant, to Miss Hannah T. Shonnard.
On the 6th, Joseph Demmelman, of Washington City, to Miss Hannah Van Vraag.
On the 7th, A. W. Spies, Esq. of the firm of Wolf, Spies & Clark, to Miss Sarah Ann C., daughter of John C. Morrison, Esq.
On the 7th, James McVickar, Esq. to Miss Catharine Becknor.
On the 7th, Wm. H. Field, to Margareta, daughter of Benjamin L. Day, Esq.
On the 7th, Samuel D. Deanson, to Miss Sarah F., daughter of James Bleecker.
On the 5th, Sanford Cobb, Jr. to Miss Sophia, daughter of John Niche, Esq.
On the 5th, Joseph S. Middlemiss, to Miss Catharine Gillelan.
On the 4th, Thomas Ives, to Miss Julia Buchanan.
On the 6th, Edward Franklin, to Miss Elmira, daughter of Capt. Lemuel Bourne.
On the 3d, Andrew M. Whitlock, to Miss Cornelia A. Corzine.
On the 6th, John Mel, to Miss Margaret C. daughter of Lewis Walcocks, Esq.
At Brooklyn, Wm. Hall, of Buffalo, to Miss Charlotte I. Clarke.
At Jamaica, L. J. Rev. Wm. M. Thompson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Missionary erect to Palestine, to Miss Eliza N. Hanna.
At Norwich, Ct. Edward E. Huntington, of the firm of Folger, Lamb & Co. of this city, to Sarah Ann, daughter of the late Rev. Joshua Huntington, of Boston.

DIED,

In this city, on the 7th, Aubrose Francis Cormier, a native of France, aged 70.
On the 5th, John E. Downing, printer, aged 35.
On the 6th, Mrs. Maria Mathews, aged 35.
On the 7th, Michael Fagan, aged 76.
On the 6th, Herman Cortelyou, aged 33.
On the 5th, Wm. Demerest, aged 33.
On the 7th, Philip Pinkney, aged 34.
On the 6th, Parmenio Philotas Wheelley, aged 25.
On the 8th, Mrs. Alice Powers, aged 34.
On the 5th, Aaron Anderson, son of John Anderson, aged 33.
On the 8th, Mrs. Catharine Connolly, aged 57.
On the 10th, Jane Murschick, aged 39.
At Williamsburg, Mrs. Ann Lake, niece of Rev. John Connor, of this city.
At Quarantine Ground, Staten Island, James Clough, Sattler, aged 55.
At New Brunswick, N.J., the Rev. Peter P. Rouse, pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church at Brooklyn.
At Newark, Joseph Congar, aged 63.
At Philadelphia, Mrs. Mary Hollingsworth, wife of P. Hollingsworth, and daughter of the late Judge Wilson, of the Supreme Court of the U. S.
At Philadelphia, George Dawson, Esq. aged 73, formerly Captain in Colonel Tilden's Regiment of Light Dragoons in the service of his Britannic Majesty, and for many years a resident in that city.
At Brooklyn, Ulster Co. Rev. William C. Thompson, aged 59. He was attached to the first regiment raised in New York at the commencement of the revolution, and was afterwards for a long period connected with the First Baptist Church in this city.

ANDREW SEMBLER, BOOT-MAKER,

Has removed from 38 Church street to 78 Liberty street, where he intends manufacturing boots, always of the best materials and workmanship, and of any shape or pattern to gratify the taste or suit the economy of customers, whose commands will be thankfully received and attended to at the shortest notice.
June 13-ly.

LORIN BROOKS, BOOT-MAKER,

No. 215 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he commences the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.

Boots and shoes, on hand, for sale on reasonable terms.
June 13.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, No. 36 Broad street, including the block between Pearl and Water streets, New York. Henry Thompson and Alexander P. Fonda, late of New York, respectively succeeded to the property and the building, and they have become the lessees of the said hotel in Broad street, comprising the establishment of the Merchants' Hotel, recently occupied by O. H. W. H. and opened the same for the reception of company. The establishment is already distinguished as one of the most spacious, airy, comfortable and convenient houses in the city, and is situated in the immediate vicinity of both business and pleasure, being within a few minutes' walk of the Exchange and Wall street, and of the principal business houses on Pearl, Water and Front streets of the East River, the Battery, Bowling Green, and Broadway. The proprietors flatter themselves to make it desirable, and profitable to many suits of rooms for private families, and are determined to devote their entire personal attention to the desires and the comforts of their patrons.
May 7, 1852. THURSTON & FONDA.

SYLVESTER, 120 Broadway, N. Y.—On the drawing of the N. Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 13 for 1852, drawn June 13—24 25 26 31 60 50 15 17 12.
Agent for Sylvester sold the capsule. This was the one last Wednesday, when Sylvester actually sold to Mr. John Jackson, New York, cash, 12 50, the \$250,000, and paid it the amount it was presented. My country friends I hope will gain heart.

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McLane, to whom I beg to refer those interested and with me. All orders by mail must come accompanied by personal application, if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:
June 20—Class 23, \$10,000, 5,000, \$1
June 27—Class 21, \$20,000, 10,000, 5,000, 2,000, \$10
[The above is a noble scheme, and most excellent for pickings of whips, calves, quarters, or rabbits.]
July 5—Class 22, \$15,000, 7,500, \$4
July 11—Class 24, \$10,000, 5,000, \$3
July 19—Class 25, \$15,000, 7,500, \$4
Tickets and shares in the above for sale in every variety. No connection with any other person in New York.
S. J. SYLVESTER, 120 Broadway, N.Y.
Baltimore, Md. and Pittsburgh, Pa.

N.B. That valuable paper, the *Reporter*, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who send with Sylvester.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS, AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS, WHO DESIRE A NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE, IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD CASES, &c.

From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of 170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR T. BUSSING, Manufacturer, 70 WILLIAM-STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MUSIC STORE, At J. Neilson's Piano Forte Warehouse, No. 453 Broadway, near Grand-st.

THE subscriber, having made arrangements with THOMAS BIRCH, Music Engraver and Printer, intends to publish extensively into the publication of Music, feeling confident of being able to produce engraved music in a style not surpassed by any other publisher. He has on hand the following new pieces, both wholesale and retail:

"THE SOUVENIR OF HANNOVER," A COLLECTION OF CELEBRATED DANCES.
Hark! Aella strikes the Lyre, 4 voices, Bishop; The Bark before the Gale, 3 voices, Willis; Here, in cool Grot, 4 voices, Menington; As the moments roll, 4 voices, Webber; Garland of Love, 4 voices, Clifton and Thompson; Who stirs the net, 3 voices, Addison; Awaits, Edson; Lyre, 1 voice, Dancy; See the girl of Love descending, 4 voices, Stevens; The Bonnet Violets, 4 voices, Cook; Hark! the Lark, 4 voices, Cooke; Oh, Stranger! lend thy gentle Bark, 4 voices, Stevens.

The above are executed in a large and open style, with accompanying parts for the Piano Forte; and the following new songs and pieces:

Ah! 'tis promised to me; Old Soldier's Tear; It is the heart; Sentinel; Child of earth; Love and young Romance; Barks of the Blue Mosquitoes; Watchman (new edition); Swiss woman's song to the eagle; My fatherland; Soldier's last sight; Goodnight's Lay; God, Skrzynecki's Grand Polish March; Cadenza; waltz; Huzza; rouse the lark; the lark; Soldier's recompense; 'Tis not when the fairy trower; Rose will cease to blow; Sunset hour; Breaking of the day; White Lilies; The Minuteman; When the trumpet of fate; School of my childhood; The Troubadour; Mid-pleasure's sportive train; Fair one, take this rose (prize song); and Don Pedro's waltz.

A celebrated musical work, entitled the "LAWS AND LEGENDS OF THE RHINE;" the poetry and descriptions by J. R. Planche, Esq., the music by Henry R. Bishop; containing—Frisch! Frisch! song; Gisela, song and trio; Meuse Tower, trio; Sir Hilchen of Lorch, song; Vine Dresser's Song, song; Seven Sisters, song and quartette; Lureley, song; Lureley, trio; Brothers, song and trio.

Also a number of pieces as originally arranged for the opera of MASANTELLO, to be sung by Mrs. Austin; with the extra dramatic music.

"THE WHITE LADY;"—All the popular airs in this opera are now in press, and as soon as possible the whole opera will be published.

Wholesale Dealers are informed that they will be dealt with liberally, and punctual attendance given to their orders.
June 16-52. WILLIAM BUNCE.

MISS GILBERT'S Boarding and Day School—Miss Anne Gilbert occupies her school at No. 113 Broadway (near Le Roy Place) in an airy and elevated situation, suitable to the accommodation of pupils from the country, and in the summer months from more densely settled parts of the city.

The rudiments as well as the higher branches usual in female education, are taught: the French language and Drawing by the first masters; and music, vocal and instrumental, by herself. Terms made known on inquiry, and the most respectable references given, as (by permission) the Rev. Mr. Hawker, Rev. Mr. Cutler, Dr. S. Moore, Samuel Ward Jun., Leonard Lipp, George Shipman, Ogden Edwards, John Galt, Esq., and others, whose children have been at her school.
New-York April 28, 1852.

QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS,

At the Subscriber's Factory, No. 60 William-st. N. Y.

BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manuscript Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the north and west in Germany, for a periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any other on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped that domestic manufacturers may have the preference, as nothing that can be done shall be neglected to have the workmanship superior to any produced here in a foreign market; which, no doubt, the trade will admit. The terms by which the different dressings are known, are—1st, double Dutch; 2d, pale and yellow clarified; 3d, flat and opaque; and 4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the proprietor, and have given, for the time in use, universal satisfaction.

may 23. P. BYRNE.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH,

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applications continues to use his PATENT PERIODIC TOOTH EXTRACTOR, highly recommended by some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis K. Berger, M.D., D. W. H. M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D., and John C. A. M.D.
June 6-52.

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1852.

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John P. Haviland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:
From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.
From New York—Saturdays at 6 P.M. from the east side Coenties slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat LEGISLATOR, Captain J. B. Coffin—for freight and passengers.

The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz.: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock A.M.; and from New York Wednesdays at 6 P.M.

Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required.

The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.

ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.

Intended to sail,

1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June.

1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct.

1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage.

Cabin \$100; second cabin, \$50; steerage, \$25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to

E. MACOMBER, 164 Maiden lane, near South st. N. York.

PASSAICK HOUSE, Edenville, N. Jersey.

D. PULLINGER, respectfully informs the public

that she has opened as a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms.

She has stables running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York.

June 6-52.

SAMUEL KENNEDY,

CARVER, GILDER, and LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Carved and gilt brackets; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments re-gilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash.
may 16. ci.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH,

No. 12 Fourth-st.

Between Sixth Avenue and Washington square.

THE proprietor of this Bath, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for Gentlemen exclusively. The former bathing house is reserved for the use of Ladies only; to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of refreshments, newspapers, &c. and attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, \$1; fifteen tickets, \$2 50; thirty-five tickets, \$5; and eighty tickets, \$10.
may 9. ci.

REMOVAL.

PIANO FORTÉ STORE,

305 Broadway, near B. street.

M. V. GREYER begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, with metallic plates, or without, and hoes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six years, making thirteen, is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.

N.B. Dealers are invited to call; they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms.
may 30. ci.

WORM SUGAR PLUMS.

A CERTAIN and safe medicine for removing worms

and cleansing the stomach and intestines of the unhealthy mucus in which they are produced.

From the pleasant form and taste of this medicine, it is decidedly the most convenient for administering to children.

For sale by Geo. D. COGGERHALL,

131. Apothecary and Druggist, at Pearl and Rose sts.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER, &c.

At the Masonic Hall, Broadway. Performance every evening, to commence at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admittance 50 cents. Children half price. The two front benches are exclusively appropriated for children. Tickets may be had during the day at the Exhibition Hall, or at the door in the evening.
may 23-ci

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12 1/2 cents.

The low pressure steamboat

John Jay, Capt. L. Wandel, will

leave foot of Canal street every

day, touching at the State Prison

wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular

office has been established, on and after the 1st of May

until further notice, in the following order, viz.

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 9 1/2 A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 5 1/2 A.M., 10 A.M., 1 1/2 P.M., and 6 1/2 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7 1/2 A.M., 1 A.M., P.M., and 7 1/2 P.M.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 1 o'clock A.M., 8 1/2 A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 1 1/2 A.M., 9 A.M., 1 1/2 P.M., and 5 1/2 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 1 1/2 A.M., 10 1/2 A.M., 3 P.M., and 6 1/2 P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, for any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdick, West street, one door north of Ames.
may 9. ci.

PREMIUM—A FINE GOLD MEDAL.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, honored with

the Diploma of the American Institute, "The

highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial

Teeth, was awarded by the American Institute,

in the City of New York, at the late Fair, for the

best Incorruptible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge,

Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street

New-York."

PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the

loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are

most respectfully assured, that the Premium In-

corruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by

the subscriber, possess decided advantages and

eminent superiority over every other kind of arti-

ficial teeth, and over all other substances used for

similar purposes. They possess a highly polished

and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and

that peculiar animated appearance which ex-

actly corresponds with the living natural teeth.

They are unchangeable in their color, and may

be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any

taste that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to

elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny.

They are readily and easily supplied, from a

single tooth through every successive number, to a

full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages, the

healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures

of a distinct articulation and sonorous pronun-

ciation. They are Incorruptible! and with their

color, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish,

strength and beauty, to the latest period of human

existence. In point of economy, they will be found

highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will

outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily

supplied. Having passed the ordeals of fire and acid,

they do not like teeth formed of animal substances,

absorb the saliva or become saturated with the

juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them

particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting

smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor

contaminate the breath.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if

necessary, to a very great number of ladies and

gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to

eminent and distinguished men of the medical

faculty. JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H.N.Y. &c.

Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only

Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium

Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street

New-York.

From the unprecedented patronage which a

liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon

the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible

Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unwise

to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring

and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude

the subscriber acknowledges the very generous

as well as bountiful manner with which his

enlightened citizens of this great metropolis have

deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons

and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible

Teeth are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

Patients from abroad are also particularly cau-

tioned against imposition of another kind, and will

please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has

neither BROTHER or COUSIN, nor any other rela-

tive, a dentist; that he has no connection what-

ever with any other office, and has never held his

office at any other place in the city of New-York

than where it now is, and has been for years past.

No. 5 Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.